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ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE: THE RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not often that a journalist is able to boast that he has altered the course of supernatural affairs. As regards material matters, it is, of course, the commonest incident. "We are glad to see that the Spanish Government has taken our advice respecting its colonial troubles." "It is not our custom to be egotistic, but we may be allowed to congratulate ourselves that within two days of the publication of our note of warning, the French Chamber has recognised its danger." "We are glad to note that the Cabinet has taken our advice in good part, and has lost no time in acting upon it." These statements are made so constantly that one cannot doubt the world-wide influence of the journals that make them. But the proceedings of the other world have never before been influenced by a paragraph, as has happened in my case. I take no credit to myself (though one cannot but feel a certain complacency), but it is satisfactory to find that one's journal has even a wider circulation than is supposed. It was only a week or two ago that regret was expressed in our "Note Book" that the denizens of the other world, who are so good as to make their interesting revelations to us in writing, should be always more or less illegible. This remark has evidently been appreciated in the proper quarter, since the latest written communication from the spiritual world has been type-written. A shawl has come for Miss Fay from Madame Blavatsky, per Mahatma parcels post, with these lovely lines—

Fair is it that Miss Fay's the Fayrie shawl shall be,  
For over all the Fays the Fayrie Queen is she.

It would have been indeed deplorable had this immortal couplet been written in the usual spirit-hand, but the type-writer has been employed to convey it. There is an incidental interest in the circumstance, since it shows that this ingenious instrument has found its way to the other world, in company, doubtless, with the sewing-machine, the switchback railway, and the other latest improvements.

The present poverty of the clergy is none the less deplorable because it is an old story, and in olden times it was much more tolerable because it did not do what is said to be the worst thing poverty can do—namely, make its victims ridiculous. The clergy were not then in the position they now occupy, and what would to-day be thought humiliations were then merely matters of ordinary inconvenience caused by the lack of funds. In the reign of Elizabeth the learning even of the London clergy was not great, to judge by a catalogue made of a hundred of them as regards accomplishments: "Learned men, 12; those that know Greek and Latin, 3; middling learned, 2; knowing Latin, 9; understanding a little Latin, 31; understanding only a few words of Latin, 42; ignorant of Latin, 13; unlearned, 17." In the country, matters, of course, were worse, and the ecclesiastic whose benefice did not exceed £12 a year had permission to follow some trade. It is probable that in out-of-the-way parts of the country they do so still; and, indeed, the clergy of the North—in Cumberland, for example, where the livings are very small—present a great contrast in their mode of life to those in the South. The story of Robert Walker, of Seathwaite, which Wordsworth has given us, is a most interesting contribution to Church history from a financial point of view. The annual value of his cure was but £5, and he had a large family, yet he brought them all up respectably and left £2000 behind him. "From the revenues of the Church he never received more than £17 a year, but in spinning wool he was a great proficient, and would take 32 lb. of it to market on his back, seven miles, in the depth of winter. He was also the village school-master and general scrivener to the neighbourhood, writing out deeds of conveyance, wills, and covenants, with pecuniary gain to himself and to the great benefit of his employers." The poor parson might play the scrivener now, but how would the local lawyer like it? Of course, there is literature; but he does not require to be told that: he has already sent his translations from Horace and his essay upon Christian Ethics to the periodicals—and got them back again.

A French lady of title has been giving us her views upon the education, sanitary and otherwise, of young persons of her own sex. A mother of her acquaintance has confided to her the following treatment of her daughter during her first season as having been eminently successful: "The young lady went to a ball six days a week, but on Sundays stayed in bed, only rising for five o'clock tea and retiring again at an early hour. The results of this system were very happy. When the time came for going to the seaside she was the only one of her companions who did not need its benefits. She was like a country girl, as fresh as a rose." What a natural and simple recipe is this for health of mind and body! Still, it rather jars upon one's old-fashioned notions, even though the translator of the work notes that "out of respect for English tastes a weekday will have to be sacrificed, as Sunday, of course, would be required for devotional purposes." The effect of the writer's advice is something similar to that of a parody, with which, having once read it, one can never dissociate the original: we shall never hear of a young person "being as fresh as a rose" without thinking of her six balls a week and her rest and peacefulness on "the day that comes betwixt a Saturday and Monday."

There are some rumours about a sleeping judge which it seems to be supposed have novelty to recommend them. This is not, however, at all the case. Judges sometimes—though not invariably—go to sleep through an excess of intelligence. Sydney Smith somewhere remarks that proximity in speaking has a somnolent effect upon men of the world who are accustomed to draw their own conclusions rapidly. Indeed, even a spectator who goes to a law court for the first time, and to whom all is new, feels a little weary after a few hours' argument upon a case of nuisance or trespass. It is better for a judge to go to sleep than to lose his temper and "pitch into" the counsel, as sometimes happens. As a matter of fact, no miscarriage of justice takes place in consequence of his "forty winks"; there are too many witnesses, or persons interested in the matter, to permit it. Moreover, in nine cases out of ten, when a judge seems to be asleep he is quite wide-awake enough for practical purposes, as any counsel would find out if he tried to take advantage of him. One would as soon think of pulling a dog's tail because he was rolled up with his eyes shut. Mr. Justice Stareleigh is represented as deceiving the public by pretending to think most deeply under these circumstances; but the fact is that the usual judicial method is to keep the eyes closed for a few moments after the forty winks, so as to give the impression of continuous attention blindfold. Sir John Doddridge was always called "the sleeping judge," because directly he took his seat on the bench he closed his eyes, like a mechanical doll; but "it was only," we are told, "a posture of attention, to sequester his sight from distracting objects, the better to listen to what was alleged and proved." This is the view of our sleeping judges which the charitable mind will prefer to take. French judges do not know how to slumber in a judicial manner. The president of a French court, in collecting the votes of the judges, came upon one very fast asleep indeed. "What is your opinion?" "That the man should be beheaded," was the prompt reply. "But," protested the president, "the business in hand is about a meadow." "Let it be mowed, then," was the cool rejoinder.

The recent case of mistaken identity in Dublin is a very remarkable one, though Nature has not done as much for it as the military authorities. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how anyone could have made himself more secure against the false accusation in question—that of being a deserter from one of her Majesty's regiments—than this victim of official zeal. He was five-and-twenty years of age, whereas the deserter was a lad of eighteen. He had been reading for a fellowship in Trinity College for eight years. He was a married man, and had gone to church with his wife on the same day when he was stated to have left the Fusiliers. The whole case seems to have arisen from a verbal description of the offender in the *Police Gazette* and a chicken-pox mark over the left eye, a distinction unhappily shared with the accused. The report of the whole proceedings is most humorous and intensely Irish. When an old friend of the family attempted to interfere in favour of the accused, he was warned that he had better look out, or he would be taken up as a deserter himself—at eighty-two!

The likeness between the two persons concerned in the case in question was so slight that it would have deceived nobody who did not see his advantage in establishing it; but where a great similarity does exist it is curious how very seldom it turns out to be beneficial to either party. There are, doubtless, people like ourselves in the world, but how few of us have ever pocketed a gift intended for the other man, or have been embraced by some lovely young person under the impression that we were her long-lost husband! Such a resemblance, on the contrary, is generally the cause of trouble, and lands us in all sorts of difficulties and dangers. On only one occasion is it recorded to have been of distinct advantage, for the truth of which Mr. Baron Garrow is responsible. It occurred, he tells us, on the Oxford Circuit, and doubtless suggested to Charles Dickens a striking incident in his "Tale of Two Cities." A prisoner was on his trial for highway robbery whose identification had been established almost to conviction, when suddenly shouts were heard in the yard without, and a horseman galloped in, and, throwing himself from the saddle, pushed his way into court. The judge was making his charge, but the new comer appealed to him in the name of Justice to stop the case, for he had ridden fifty miles to save the prisoner's life. He said he knew him to be innocent, and asked the prosecutor whether now that he had seen him he would venture to persist in his identification. The two men were absolutely alike, and their attire—a green coat with brass buttons, drab breeches, and top boots—precisely similar. The prosecutor was staggered, and acknowledged that he could not swear "which was which," and in the end the prisoner was acquitted. Then the question arose as to what should be done with the other man, who had refused all explanation, upon the ground that he was not bound to criminate himself. He was put in the dock and tried by a fresh jury, but it was urged by his counsel that since a person had been acquitted to whose identity the prosecutor had sworn positively, another person could hardly be convicted against whom the testimony was qualified. So the second man, too, escaped all punishment. It was afterwards discovered

they were twin brothers, and one had used the gift that Nature had bestowed on him to save the other's life.

A more recent instance occurred in New York in the trial of James Hoag for bigamy. He was apprehended in a distant part of the country, denied the charge, and asserted himself to be Thomas Parker. Mrs. Hoag, her relatives, and other credible witnesses swore to his identity; the lady said that a wife might surely be allowed to recognise her own husband. But that was also Mrs. Parker's contention, who, with her relatives and equally credible witnesses, gave testimony on the other side. Both women declared their husband had a peculiar scar on his forehead, and on turning back the prisoner's hair the scar appeared. Each party declared that the man had lived among them, worked among them, and was perfectly well known to them. The only weak point in the evidence of either was that Mrs. Hoag deposed to her husband having a particular mark on the sole of his foot; Mrs. Parker said, "My husband has no such mark," and on examination, the man had none. This statement, however, being so immediately capable of refutation, proved at least how firmly Mrs. Hoag believed the man to be her husband. A justice of the peace from the part of the country where the arrest had been made eventually proved that he had known and employed him as Thomas Parker from boyhood. Whereupon he was acquitted of the bigamy, and "Mrs. Parker embraced and carried him off in triumph, amid the acclamations of the jury."

Very autocratic and high-handed proceedings are ascribed to eminent individuals as though they belonged to their position and did not exist apart from it; but the fact is that a passionate desire to have one's own way, and a resolute determination to get it, is by no means peculiar to royal and noble personages; it exists, indeed, among quite a low class of persons, and when it does so is quite as dangerous and inimical to those in their power as the wrath of kings. A ratcatcher or a pugilist may, for example, be as selfish and unscrupulous as a Napoleon, and, though he does not "wade through slaughter to a throne," may make everybody in his own rank of life who stands between him and his desires very uncomfortable. When thwarted, indeed, this class of person is apt to lose his temper—which is as imperious as though he were born in the purple—and commit some act which brings his undistinguished career to a violent end. A Jew clothier in a small way of business is not, for example, the kind of person whom the imagination would naturally invest with the attributes of Bluff King Hal, yet it was shown the other day that he possessed them; only, instead of flourishing on the historic stage, his influence was confined to Whitechapel. His weakness, like that of his prototype, was for the fair sex, but being unable to obtain divorces with the same facility, he gratified it by committing bigamy. He preferred wives with ready money, because his tastes and habits were expensive; and when their property had come to an end he married again. It is very curious how quietly in general they took it. "Dear me!" said one, upon being introduced to another, "why, my husband kissed you!" To prevent any embarrassment he at once took upon himself the task of explanation. "The fact is," he said, "she is my wife." "But how can that be? You cannot have two wives." The simplicity of this idea naturally tickled him. "It is all right; you will be in the kitchen and my other wife upstairs. Whoever is convenient to me will stop." This last observation might have been uttered by King Harry himself, and is the key of both their characters. The clothier has got into trouble, which he doubtless would have escaped had he been in his Majesty's position, but they were cast by nature in the same masterful mould. Incidents flowing from this source are considered monstrous, but simply arise from want of proportion between position and disposition. "We are all of us born princes," and it is no wonder that some of us continue to play that part in defiance of circumstances.

Newspaper correspondents complain that railway travelling has become much less agreeable from the constant conversation kept up by the passengers about golf. They say they are sick and tired of their technical talk and uninteresting descriptions of their contests. It is, no doubt, a little monotonous to the outsider, but not more so than any other talk which is confined to an unelastic topic. It is no worse than talk about horses, or wines, or cricket, none of which admit of development, and are therefore unfit subjects for protracted conversation. It is better than talk about politics, inasmuch as it affords no opportunity of quarrel. Golf-players have hard measure dealt them as regards this complaint; it is the penalty they pay for their favourite game being the last sensation. But I can remember when lawn-tennis was a topic quite as general and not more pregnant with interest to the non-player. The fact is, it is easy for everyone to talk upon the subject that interests him, and our fellow-creatures should rejoice when we have found one. In default of it, one is sure to get the weather, and, perhaps, the crops. For my part, I think golf a safer topic, from the view of boredom, than foreign travel, for instance, which admits of infinite expansion. Besides, one can almost always stop any conversation in a railway carriage by producing three playing-cards and making a few observations upon the doctrine of chances.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Two Irish debates and an all-night sitting within a week are enough to make the youngest member look old and wan. Those devotees of the public service, Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Gibson Bowles, sat up till five in the morning discussing the Army Annual Bill. At one point of the proceedings they suggested that the soldier had short rations for breakfast, and when the Government demurred to this statement Mr. Bartley cheerfully proposed that Tommy Atkins should have no breakfast at all. I do not profess to follow this reasoning, though there can be no question of the sincere interest of Mr. Hanbury and his friends in the private soldier's welfare. It may seem odd to show this zeal by walking in and out of the division lobby all through the small hours, but if you want to do good by stealth and blush to find it called obstruction, this is probably the most original way of going about it. Sir William Harcourt did not appear to think that he was secluding himself from glory. From time to time he rose and declared with magnificent thumps on the table that the Government were resolved to fight this quarrel to the end. Hoarse roars of approval greeted this challenge every time. The Ministerialists remembered their discomfiture when their leaders postponed the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, and they panted for revenge. So division followed division till triumph came, when Mr. Mellor reported the Army Bill to the House without amendment, and Sir William Harcourt remained master of the hard-fought field. It was a new experience for the Chairman of Committees. Once in the watches of the night he was heard murmuring, "The question is that the question be now put" with the air of a somnambulist, and another somnambulist innocently asked what the question was. This subtle technicality was remembered at the next sitting, and Mr. Mellor explained that when a member put the closure he might be supposed to possess common-sense enough to know why. With this lucid explanation the House was highly gratified, and I was confirmed in my suspicion that several incidents of the all-night sitting had not really taken place, but were merely phases of a fantastic dream.

But the two Irish debates had a painful reality. First came an attack on the Chief Secretary for having released a lad named Foley, convicted of complicity in an outrage in Tipperary. This onslaught took the form of a motion for the adjournment of the House. It was treated by Mr. Morley as a pretext for wasting time. Mr. Carson said the Chief Secretary had prostituted the prerogative of clemency, and the Home Secretary said Mr. Carson had outraged the decencies of debate. This is the first time Mr. Asquith has intervened in a general discussion since Parliament met, and I wish some prominent speakers would emulate both his self-restraint and his capacity for saying much in a few sentences. In a speech of less than ten minutes' duration there was not a superfluous word, and every thrust went home. The result of a two-hours skirmish was the mystic majority of forty for Ministers, who, however, found themselves committed to another debate of a precisely similar kind. Impelled by malign destiny, Dr. Cameron challenged the front Opposition bench to move a vote of censure on the Irish policy of the Government, and in a rash moment Mr. Gladstone sealed this suggestion with an approving nod. Why fate should choose Dr. Cameron as its minister I cannot tell, but the prospect of being dragged into another Irish wrangle was evidently far from pleasing to the Liberals. A vote of censure is the most tremendous gun in the Parliamentary arsenal, and Mr. Balfour announced his fell design with befitting solemnity. So through the long hours of another evening the Opposition pounded away at Mr. Morley with the familiar charges that he had condoned crime and resuscitated terrorism in Ireland. Neither Mr. Balfour nor the Chief Secretary contrived to impart any freshness to the well-worn theme, but Mr. Gladstone delivered one of those speeches which charm both friend and foe. Though the topic was highly controversial, the Prime Minister did not provoke one angry murmur from his opponents. When Mr. Jackson handed him a glass of water across the table the old man repaid the courtesy with the most winning smile and a graceful parenthesis which softened even the stern and stony bosom of Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg. It was one of those moments when the whole House, without distinction of party, glows with pride over Mr. Gladstone's personality. Lord Randolph Churchill bore testimony to this sentiment in a striking compliment to the Prime Minister. Perhaps Lord Randolph's best tribute to his great antagonist was his elaborated review of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy since 1868. But I suspect Mr. Gladstone was better pleased with the result of the division, for in a very large House the vote of censure was rejected by a majority of forty-seven.

An agreeable interlude in the Hibernian fray was furnished by a debate on the payment of members. This is a subject of division in the Ministerial ranks. Some Liberals would limit payment to those members who need it; others are stoutly opposed to the whole principle. Mr. Atherley-Jones, for instance, declared that it would be a temptation to corruption; Mr. Dalziel said that his opinion ought to vex the ghost of Mr. Atherley-Jones's father; and Mr. John Burns argued that no temptations could be worse than those to which the poor M.P. is already exposed. Somebody in Belfast offered Mr. Burns fifty pounds for his influence to secure the applicant a post as collector of income tax. Mr. Burns convulsed the House by reading his reply, which began, "Sir, you are an unscrupulous scoundrel," and ended with a pointed allusion to a boot. Equally

effective was Admiral Field's confession that there were some men in the House he would be glad to see out of it. The House of Commons has an immense regard for the Admiral. When he is on his legs his opponents settle themselves down to pure enjoyment. Though his logic savours of the unstable billow, the Admiral can strike some shrewd blows, which are welcomed with general delight. This, I believe, is the time when the Speaker has a secret yearning to sing a nautical song, and I know the Serjeant-at-Arms has the utmost difficulty in restraining himself from a hornpipe.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR.

M. Challemeil-Lacour, who has been elected a member of the French Academy in the room of Renan, receives a double honour, for almost simultaneously he has been chosen President of the Senate in succession to Jules Ferry. M. Challemeil-Lacour's associations are much more political than literary. He has edited the works of Madame D'Epinay, and has dabbled in philosophy; but it is in journalism that his pen has made a reputation. He helped Gambetta to found the *République Française* in 1871, and was the first editor of that redoubtable sheet. In 1880 he went to Berne as Ambassador to the Swiss Confederation, and in the same year was appointed to the French Embassy in London. An incident in his career was the subject of a violent debate in the House of Commons, initiated by that lively free-lance, Mr. Frank O'Donnell. In 1882 M. Challemeil-Lacour became Foreign Minister in M. Ferry's Cabinet, and shared the unpopularity of that statesman's



M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH SENATE.

adventure in Tonquin. Since then M. Challemeil-Lacour's career has been comparatively uneventful, and his sudden reappearance is characteristic of the uncertainties of French political life.

## THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE.

After a long railway journey from Cherbourg, having crossed the Channel from Portsmouth on Tuesday, March 21, and proceeding by a special train, on the evening of that day, in the Queen's own saloon and bedroom carriages used for Continental travelling, her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Florence on Thursday afternoon, March 23, at ten minutes past five. Two nights and two days had been occupied in the journey through France and Northern Italy, with entire personal comfort and strict privacy, bringing the royal party to that interesting city of which the Queen has pleasant recollections since her sojourn there in 1888, and where the Villa Palmieri was again prepared for her accommodation.

It was bright and warm spring weather at Florence; the trees were already showing their foliage, and flowers were abundant. As soon as the train stopped, the Duke of Aosta, wearing the uniform of a major of artillery, entered the Queen's saloon, and, having welcomed her to Florence in the name of King Humbert, conversed with her and with Princess Beatrice while preparations were being made for the Queen to descend.

When her Majesty had alighted on the platform, the Duke of Aosta presented to her Marquis di Torrigiano, Syndic of Florence, and the other civil and military authorities. The Queen recognised the Marchesa di Torrigiano, wife of the Syndic, whom she had received at the time of her previous visit, and spoke a few words to her, as also to Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador, and Lady Vivian. She was pleased to accept a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley from Lady Colnaghi, wife of the Consul-General, Sir Dominic Colnaghi, who, together with Colonel Slade, the Military Attaché, and the Vice-Consul, was at the station.

All this only occupied a few minutes. The Queen, who seemed to feel no ill effects from her long journey, then entered an open carriage, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and drove through part of the city to the Villa Palmieri. The only street decorations consisted of flags, of which there was a profusion, those of Italy and England being in about equal proportions. There was great curiosity to see the Queen, and the cheering was quite English in heartiness. The Queen's Indian attendants, who followed her Majesty's carriage, excited great interest as they drove along.

Her Majesty's health continues very good, and she has been a great deal in the open air, driving in the grounds of the Villa each morning in her Bath-chair; in the afternoon she has taken longer drives with Princess Beatrice. On Friday her Majesty went to the hill of San Miniato and to the piazza in front of the monastery of San Salvatore, from which there is a magnificent view of the city. On Saturday afternoon the Queen drove to Vincigliata, and through the Cascine gardens, at the hour when they were most crowded for the fashionable afternoon promenade. Prince Henry of Battenberg paid a visit to the English Club, of which he and the gentlemen of her Majesty's household have been made honorary members. The Queen attended the service which was held on Sunday morning in the chapel of the Villa Palmieri. In the afternoon she received Count Capitelli, the Prefect of Florence.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

The result, on Wednesday, March 22, of the fiftieth eight-oar race on the Thames between the two University crews, was briefly described in our last. We gave also portraits of the men—namely, for Oxford, Messrs. H. B. Cotton, of Magdalen College; J. A. Ford, Brasenose; J. A. Morrison, New; H. Legge, Trinity; V. Nickalls, Magdalen; W. A. L. Fletcher, Christ Church; C. M. Pitman, New, and M. C. Pilkington, Magdalen (stroke); with L. Portman, University, as coxswain; and, for Cambridge, Messrs. G. A. H. Branson, First Trinity; R. F. Bayford, Trinity Hall; C. T. Fogg-Elliott, Trinity Hall; E. H. M. Waller, Corpus; L. A. E. Ollivant, First Trinity; G. C. Kerr, First Trinity; R. O. Kerrison, Third Trinity; T. G. Lewis, Third Trinity (stroke); with C. T. Agar, Third Trinity, coxswain. They started from Putney at thirty-five minutes past four, the Cambridge boat 3ft. ahead, but two or three strokes made them equal, and soon the Oxford crew, pulling forty strokes a minute, while the Cambridge men pulled thirty-nine, went in front, along the Middlesex side, being almost three-quarters of a length ahead at the end of the first mile. Both crews then dropped their action to less than thirty-six strokes a minute, and the Cambridge crew became rather the quicker; after passing Hammersmith Bridge the two boats were actually on a level with each other, as the Cambridge boat, from the Surrey side, had taken advantage of the bend in the river. But the Oxford crew made a fresh effort, and got a lead, which increased from a quarter of a length to three-quarters, up to the Chiswick Eyot, after which the Cambridge men, with one more desperate attempt to rally, fell behind, and the race finished at Mortlake with Oxford about a length and a quarter in advance. The whole distance was done in 18 min. 47 sec., which is the shortest time on record, that of last year's race, also won by Oxford, having been 19 min. 21 sec. The wind was blowing from the east, and the water was quite smooth. The rival crews, as usual, dined together, with Lord Esher in the chair. The German Emperor William telegraphed from Berlin to Professor Max Müller his congratulations on the event. "Three cheers and one more for Oxford, and also Floreat Etona! A splendid race, with an astonishing record. The old Oxonian style, well prepared by Eton, has again proved that it is the best.—Wilhelm, I and R."

## THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, PALESTINE.

Our Illustration shows the scene at this ancient Greek monastery in the Holy Land, when the commencement of the Easter services is notified by a peculiar sounding apparatus consisting of suspended pieces of wood struck with hammers, as a substitute for the ringing of bells. Mar Saba, in the rocky valley of the Kidron, south-east of Jerusalem, and near the shores of the Dead Sea, is frequently visited by European tourists from the Holy City, being distant from Jerusalem only three hours' journey. It was founded in the fifth century by a renowned saint named Sabas, a native of Cappadocia, a pupil of St. Euthemius, who had previously established in this place a "Laura" or settlement of ascetic monks. Sabas was ordained priest by the Bishop of Jerusalem in 484, and was made abbot of the order bearing his name, the Sabaites, whose members established many other convents as far as the wilderness of Mount Sinai. The number of monks at Mar Saba is now sixty or seventy. No women are permitted to visit their abode, which is a collection of irregular old buildings, chapels, towers, ranges of cells, and a large church with a dome and clock-turret, upon terraces cut in the face of a precipitous cliff nearly 600 ft. high, and connected by galleries, stairs, and grottoes hewn out of the limestone rock. Gardens and orchards are comprised within the circuit of the walls. This monastery was very rich, under the Byzantine Empire, until the Persians, under Chosroes, attacked and plundered it, slaughtering forty-four monks, whose skulls are carefully preserved. Some of its sacred pictures have been sold to the Russian Church. The library contains many religious books and manuscripts, which Mr. Curzon, Dr. Tischendorf, and other scholars have examined. Visitors are permitted to stay the night, and are supplied with bread and wine; but ladies must remain outside in tents, or in a lonely tower on the summit of the cliff, beyond the consecrated precinct.



## THE QUEEN'S DRIVE AT FLORENCE.

Leave Florence by what road you may, a charming country lies before you, but the drive to Fiesole has attractions beyond compare. That landscape has been pronounced supreme in loveliness for ages, and its associations are unrivalled. Nowhere can be found an example of Cyclopean masonry so perfect and so convenient of access. The dullest soul must be impressed by the mystery of those walls, so ponderous and so admirably built that modern science stands amazed, yet so lightly considered in the grand days of old that we search history almost in vain to find a reference to them. The sentimental traveller may dream of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of the boy Cardinal (afterwards Leo X.), of Politian and Pico, Ficino, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and many more whose names are household words, standing on the site of their abodes. No wonder this is her Majesty's favourite drive. She escapes that rather uninteresting portion of the road which must be traversed by one coming from Florence; the Villa Palmieri stands halfway. She escapes also the electric tramcars, using the narrow, delightful old road by which doubtless Pampinea and Dioneo and the rest fled from plague-stricken Florence to that same villa five centuries and a half ago. The Queen's drive, happily, is pleasure unalloyed.

In truth, the tramway is as little offensive as such

Palazzo Riccardi is named, of course, in every guide-book, but less space is given to it than to little churches which were scarcely interesting at their best and now are ridiculous. As a consequence we find that no small proportion of those who visit Florence never see this stateliest building, and a much larger proportion do not bear it in their memory. An average Briton fails to notice beauty unless warned to look for it. The broad Via Cavour leads us on to Savonarola's convent, where his flag and portrait and other memorials are still preserved. The irreverent may see a likeness and the thoughtful may draw a parallel between him and "General" Booth. So, past the Triumphal Arch of Victor Emmanuel—which will look handsome enough when the trees are grown—we leave the city by the Viale Regina Vittoria. This is one of the roads, they tell us, by which enterprising builders were tempted to ruin while Rome the capital was yet distant. At least, theirs was not jerry work. As for the drainage and foundations, one is unable to pronounce, but the pretty houses are built of dazzling white stone which cannot deceive. Presently we begin to mount, beside the tram-line. On either hand lie the gardens of famous villas, occupied in their time by famous personages—sovereigns, nobles, singers, cosmopolitan millionaires. There are few gaps for admiring the scenery. The high wall on each side is scarcely broken, unless by a lodge and the opening of an avenue. But the road is not dull,

effective or delightful contrast than in planting the cypress among olives and vines. No man living can be so dull to the charm of colour that he fails to see the perfect harmony of its dark bulk, with the light and silvery foliage of the one, the clinging green of the other. There is found the secret beauty of this landscape, if it be analysed. But there are small white villas down below, vivid little gardens, and walks ablaze with red oleander on the sunny side, a wall of cypress opposite. And beyond the lovely foreground, whose colour fades with distance, one gentle hill rises above another, till the misty Apennines close the view.

The lower way, beneath the Villa Palmieri, follows a narrow stream, the Mugnone, betwixt vineyards and maize fields, sloping down on either hand. It joins the modern highway at the foot of Fiesole Hill. One climbs that precipice by a road which made talk for the universe when our grandfathers were young. It is an admirable piece of engineering, but the interest lies elsewhere. The inhabitants of Fiesole had long grown tired of being picturesque and inaccessible, but to make a convenient approach to their eyrie lay far beyond their means. Some ingenious citizen devised a scheme, and the Grand Duke was persuaded to sanction it. He offered a patent of nobility, no questions asked, to every person who subscribed five thousand scudi (say £1000) towards the construction of a carriage road up the hill. The idea caught on. Amidst the laughter of the civilised world the treasury filled fast. "Fiesole Barons"



THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE: HER MAJESTY DRIVING THROUGH THE PIAZZA DEL DUOMO.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

things can be, but it affects the nerves. Every half-hour the capacious cars embark a lively little crowd of picnickers at the Piazza delle Cure, and discharge them at the foot of the immemorial jangles. High poles line the road, supporting a wire which whistles like an Aeolian harp out of tune for some minutes before and after a tram has hurtled by. That jingle haunts the sensitive traveller, afoot or in a carriage, who is trying to keep himself *en rapport* with the memories of the past and the fascination of the scene. He listens for it, and the *cigales* pipe in vain; the lovely panorama, widening as he mounts, cannot hold his distracted gaze. They are very well behaved, these Florentine excursionists. Their joyous humours do not break forth in riot. But the sun is hot. Gentlemen take off their coats, and ladies fan them. Pleasantries are exchanged in harmony with the situation, not with the memories of the spot. It is hard to keep these before the eye in presence of an electric tramway and half-a-dozen clerks in shirt-sleeves disporting with their young women.

The drive is only three miles. One passes Santa Maria Maggiore, San Lorenzo, which to build Michel Angelo "collaborated" with Brunelleschi, where Benvenuto Cellini and the earlier Medicis lie buried, including Cosmo Pater Patriæ; the Palazzo Riccardi, surely the grandest and most beautiful town house of which we have record, and many other world-famous spots. Those who have travelled far find it ceaselessly astonishing to observe how men of taste and culture from age to age still choose the same work of art for admiration, while others at least as fine stand neglected close by. The

Those walls are topped with a glossy hedge of arbutus, Bengal roses droop over them in the shadow of lofty trees. Then the villas cease, the walls lower, and one begins to understand the hereditary renown of Fiesole. It is, indeed, a wondrous view, to be matched in Italy, perhaps, but not elsewhere. No other country shows those labyrinths of little hills, cultivated to the top, but not with the harvests familiar to our eye. They are grey with olives, green with vines and plots of Indian corn, a marvel of tender colour. The narrow valleys fall so steeply that they seem Alpine clefts in miniature, but tangled with foliage like a jungle of the tropics. Over the barrier wall, hung with jasmine and odorous with wild fennel, one looks down a hundred feet sheer; at the next turn the vineyards run level with the road. Each little gorge tempts the painter. At bottom lies a wilderness of reeds, grey and silky—fishing-rods growing ready-made in this blessed realm. Gnarled olive-trees find sustenance among the rocks. So soon as a terrace can be built upon that narrow strip of earth vines are planted—not to grow in a rectangular clump upon a stick, as is the cruel, business-like French way, but each beside a slender living elm, just as Virgil recommended. The terraces widen as they rise, until there is room for 50 ft. square of maize, or, perhaps, for a real vineyard, with peach-trees intermixed. Olives are everywhere, and, at just such intervals, one might think, as finished taste demands, stands a group of cypress. One must go south to grasp the value of that precious tree. In our fields and gardens it is useless, and worse; but Nature has made no more

commonly allowed their title to lie dormant while the circumstances were still fresh in public memory, but their sons are now reaping the fruit of that investment. Many a baron of the day, whom the vulgar do not distinguish from a Strozzi or an Alessandro, picked up his nobility on this road.

Towards the top it skirts a fragment of the wondrous walls, convenient here for lazy visitors who would not like to quit Fiesole without seeing them; the great masses stand far above. And then, a moment afterwards, we enter a broad semi-rustic square, with the inevitable cathedral on one side, a tiny building opposite, the Presidio, now a museum, a miniature church above, and beneath it the entrance to the Roman theatre. All these things are worth a visit, but mortal man has about enough of churches and museums in Florence. Doubtless, her Majesty, like others, drives straight across to the foot of a steep, narrow alley, which mounts to that platform famed throughout the world, the Buonavista of Fiesole. She seats herself on the stone bench dedicated by one of her subjects, unnamed, to "all brother travellers, whatever their country." It is futile to describe a view such as that before her eyes. A "bit" of scenery may be sketched in words that convey some faint picture, but when we look down, as here, from the edge of a precipice, over one half of Tuscany, woods and mountains, towns and villages, rivers, vineyards, and harvest fields, with Florence in the centre clustered round its dome, to expatiate upon the scene is but piling words to which no man can attach a definite significance. Favoured are they who have beheld it.





"THE THREE FISHERS."

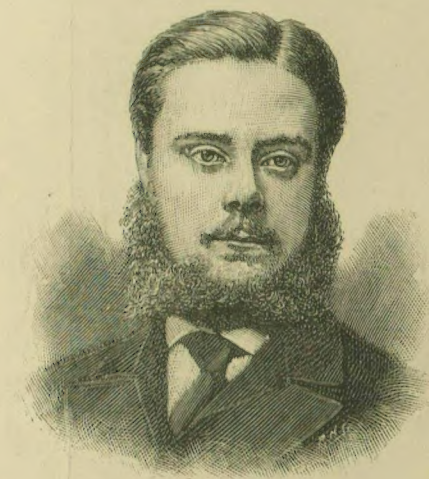


## PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone has given the public a surprise in his choice of a new Bishop for the see of Norwich. The Rev. John Sheepshanks, of St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool, does not seem to be widely known outside the town in which he has worked with so much success since 1873, but his local fame is great. He was a scholar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and took a second class in the Theological Tripos in 1856. For two years he was curate of Leeds parish church, and then for a while he went to the Far West. Returning to England, he held the family living of Bilton, just outside Harrogate. From Bilton Mr. Sheepshanks went to Liverpool in the year 1873, before the diocese of Chester had been divided, and there he has worked ever since. The appointment of Dean Ryle to be the first Bishop of Liverpool necessarily gave a strong Evangelical colour to the new diocese, and especially to Liverpool. Mr. Sheepshanks was, however, one of the few High Churchmen who held their own. Always Evangelical in the tone of his preaching, he was a decided Anglican in his view of the Church's position. For some time past he has been looked upon as the leader of the High Church party in Liverpool, but his relations with other Churchmen have always been marked by kindness and courtesy.

The preferment of Mr. Sheepshanks will not confer distinction upon the Bench, but it will add a bishop of marked administrative power. The work done by Mr. Sheepshanks in Anfield is work which could only have been done by a clergyman of industry and energy, with complete confidence in and sympathy with his people. He gradually perfected a parochial organisation of the most comprehensive kind, and his influence was felt throughout Liverpool and the diocese at large. His democratic tendencies were, of course, no drawback to thorough concord with his people. His removal to Norwich will be watched with some interest, for Dean Lefroy also came from Liverpool, and nothing like intimate friendship existed between the two incumbents who are now to be bishop and dean together. The Dean is a strong and unflinching Low Churchman.

The sudden announcement, on Friday, March 24, of the death of the Duke of Bedford, which took place at seven o'clock on the Thursday evening, caused not only the regret naturally due on such occasions, especially when a nobleman of the highest rank and of estimable character, in what should be the prime of life, was removed from a position that he occupied but two years; but also the painful shock of remembering the still sadder death of his predecessor, on Jan. 14, 1891, under circumstances far more painful, which excited much compassion at the time. It was not generally known that the late Duke was affected with heart disease, for which he had been some time under medical care, and he was only forty years of age. He was George William Francis Sackville Russell, elder son of the ninth Duke of Bedford, Francis Charles Hastings Russell; his mother, some time Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, was a daughter of the fifth Earl De la Warr. The late Duke, educated at Balliol College, Oxford, was M.P. for Bedfordshire, as Marquis of Tavistock, from 1875 to 1885, and was high sheriff of that county in 1889. He was also one of the County Council, and was an active and useful member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society. In 1876 he married a daughter of the last Earl Somers, but has left no son, and is succeeded by his brother, Lord Herbrand Arthur Russell, an officer of the Grenadier Guards, who has served in India and in Egypt.

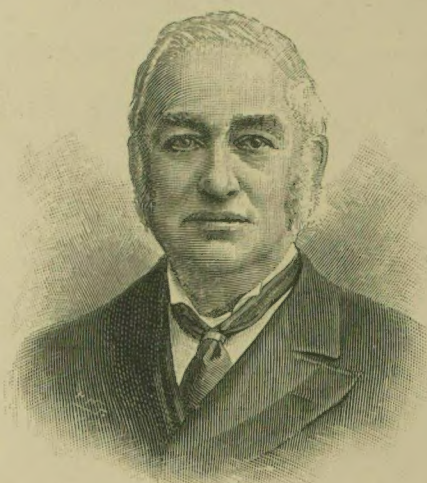


THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

M. Challemlacour, Jules Ferry's successor as President of the Senate, and the new Academician, like so many other French politicians, began life as a journalist. Born in Normandy sixty-six years ago, he was educated in Paris, and came out first in his class at the Ecole Normale. After some years spent as Professor in various provincial lycées, he was expelled from France shortly after the *Coup d'Etat*, on account of his well-known Republican opinions. Profiting by an amnesty, he returned to Paris and became a *littérateur*, contributing frequently to the *Temps* newspaper, to various reviews, and becoming for a short time editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His political life may be said to have begun with the Franco-German War; he was created Prefect of the Rhône on Sept. 4, 1870, and fulfilled his difficult position with tact and energy, practically quelling the Commune in Lyons; in January 1872 he entered the French Parliament as Deputy for the Bouches-du-Rhône. The great event of M. Challemlacour's life, however, occurred at the beginning of the year 1879, when he pursued for libel the editor of a Conservative paper, *La France Nouvelle*, which had accused him of having cheated at cards at his club. Gambetta, for this occasion only, consented to descend once more into the arena of the Law Courts, where he made an eloquent speech in his friend's defence, which resulted in both the editor and the manager of the paper being condemned to pay heavy fines. A few days after the close of the trial M. Challemlacour was made French Ambassador to Switzerland, proceeding shortly after in the same capacity to London, where, however, he was never popular, either with the French colony or in English society. His well-known

religious antipathies have probably contributed as much as anything to his having been elected to Renan's fauteuil in the French Academy, for his "literary luggage" is small, and consists mainly of a short study on William Humboldt, a translation of Ritter's "History of Philosophy," and of his having edited the works of Madame d'Epinay.

The late Sir George Findlay, during nearly twenty years past general manager of the London and North-Western



THE LATE SIR GEORGE FINDLAY.

Shrewsbury and Hereford line, which again brought him under the notice of the London and North-Western Company, and he entered its service first as chief goods traffic manager, but in 1874 succeeded Mr. Cawkwell, the present deputy chairman, in the general administration of the immense business at the Euston Terminus. His abilities were known far and wide in the railway world, and much reliance was placed upon his opinions and advice, when consulted, with respect to questions in which other companies were concerned, or in his evidence before Parliamentary Committees. He contributed also to the discussions of the Institute of Civil Engineers and of the International Railway Congresses at Paris and at St. Petersburg. A lecture delivered by him at the Chatham School of Military Engineering, another at the United Service Institution, on "Railways as Means of Defence," and an instructive treatise on "The Working and Management of an English Railway," are publications which have gained the attention of many readers. Sir George Findlay, who was knighted last year, resided at Edgware, was a Middlesex magistrate and Alderman of the County Council, a leading Freemason, and a skilful angler; he was twice married. It is understood that the chairmanship of the London and North-Western Company was offered to him two years ago, but he preferred to abide at the post where he has done so much work and has done it so well.

It seems still a matter of doubt whether the sensational murder of M. Vassili Alexeieff, Mayor of Moscow, was the act of a casual madman or was the result of a Nihilistic plot. Little is told of the assassin save that his name is Adrianoff, and that he was recently expelled from St. Petersburg. It is added that he is a native of Woronesh, and has some education; but the story that there was found upon him a paper with



THE LATE M. VASSILI ALEXEIEFF.

the words "The lot has fallen upon you" may easily be an invention. Whatever the origin of the crime, there can be no doubt as to the prodigious impression it has made, not only in the city and government of Moscow, but throughout the governing classes in Russia. No event, indeed, since the terrible assassination of the Czar, twelve years ago this month, has so profoundly stirred the great Eastern Empire.

The reasons for this commotion—culminating on Sunday in a public funeral demonstration unparalleled in the history of Russian commoners—are personal rather than political. M. Alexeieff was a remarkable man. The son of one of the wealthiest of old Moscow merchants, by a Greek mother, he became the master of a great fortune and an extended business while still a young man. In 1885, at the age of thirty-one, his energy, will, and force of character had secured for him such a position in the community that he was made mayor by acclamation. This office, not hitherto either powerful or specially dignified, he raised by dint of his personal qualities into a prominence quite overshadowing the post of Governor of Moscow and rivalling even that of the august Governor-General of the Province. During the present century no other Russian not of princely birth has played so conspicuous a part outside the Ministry. To the Western observer it might occur that he played this part rather obviously to the gallery. His official salary of 7000 roubles he ostentatiously divided among the clerks at the Townhall, and he was at no pains to conceal that he spent annually of his own money some 120,000 roubles.

Such a bustling, masterful, and ambitious man had a rare field for his exertions in sleepy, mediæval old Moscow.

He woke the ancient capital up with a start. Every department of municipal life felt the impulse of his powerful personality. He cut new streets and boulevards, created a water supply, introduced electric lighting, and even undertook the herculean task of working out a sewage system for that vast and sprawling Oriental camp of human beings. He revolutionised the schools of the town, and brought its public charities into something like organised efficiency. The project of the French Exhibition at Moscow in 1891 was his, and the major part of the deficit with which that melancholy failure ended was met from his ample pockets. His largesses to the poor of Moscow and vicinity were quite on the old Roman scale of magnificence, and though they probably did more harm than good, according to our Western notions, they made Vassili Vladimirovitch the popular idol of the district. The fact that he was the most vehement and relentless of Jew-baiters—while it survives against him in tens of thousands of homes of Hebrew exiles the world over—probably increased rather than diminished his popularity in central Russia. Of course, he was a devoted son of the Orthodox Church and a Pan-Slavist to the core.

M. Alexeieff was only thirty-nine years of age at the time of his murder. A man of vast physical strength, with enormous powers of work and a constitution which bore equally well unremitting exertion and the heaviest forms of Russian high living, he was supposed to be destined to a long and distinguished career. It was known that the Czar regarded him with admiration, which in itself means everything in Russia—power, dignity, slavish adulation, and a patent of nobility. His great jollity of disposition, running, in true Græco-Russian fashion, side by side with the stoniest and most savage official rigour toward political offenders, Jews and that ilk—gave him ready access to the hearts of the crowd wherever he went. In the strange, unsettled, restless Russia of our day such a man might have gone very far—perhaps to the very steps of the throne itself. The bullet from the pistol of an unknown vagabond cut short the most curious and promising of modern Russian careers.

Major Averell Daniell, the officer whose untimely death recently took place in Chitral, while gallantly attacking the entrenched village at Chilas, was mentioned in our last. He entered the 21st Fusiliers in 1871, after distinguishing himself at Sandhurst both in military studies and as an athlete. Some years later he joined the Punjab Frontier Force, in which he served with great distinction. Major Daniell took part in no less than nine frontier expeditions, including the Afghan War; he was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was specially selected by the Government of India to command the troops under Colonel Durand in the present service in Chitral, where he lost his life.



THE LATE MAJOR DANIELL.

Miss Amy Roselle must be congratulated on the successful opening of her venture at the Opéra Comique. The traditions of that theatre are not those of melodrama, but there is enough vitality in "Man and Woman," the play which Miss Amy Roselle has imported from America, to furnish a powerful attraction to the playgoing public. Moreover, Miss Roselle has an excellent opportunity of showing the emotional force and admirable restraint which have made her one of the most capable artists on the English stage. The chief interest of "Man and Woman" belongs to the somewhat sordid atmosphere of Wall Street and to the adventures of our old friend, the convict who has risen to affluence only to find that society still demands vengeance for the offence he has expiated. Of this character, Mr. Henry Neville is the most fitting and impressive exponent, and Mr. Arthur Dacre gives a forcible picture of the dishonest speculator's struggle with the temptation to send an innocent man to penal servitude. The great scene of the play is a midnight meeting of bank directors to concert measures for staving off the ruin which seems inevitable, and although a good deal of the dialogue is somewhat technical, the incident is one of the most effective we have seen on the stage.

But why are the humours of an American melodrama so inexpressibly dreary? Mr. Malcolm Watson, who has revised this play with considerable tact, was probably appalled by the task of turning the sprightliness of New York society, as depicted by Mr. H. de Mille and Mr. David Belasco, into tolerable English. There are long intervals of "fun," which reduce the spectator to hopeless dejection, except in a moment irresistibly reminiscent of Ibsen. A jocular colonel, like Hilda Wangel, thinks he hears "harps in the air," and this is followed by the appearance of Mr. Sant Matthews disguised as Ibsen, catchword and all. Instead of George Tesman's "Fancy that!" and Hilda Wangel's "Frightfully thrilling!" Mr. Sant Matthews's Ibsen is always exclaiming, "I knew your father!" It is undeniably funny; but is it Mr. Malcolm Watson's sly satire, or the "permeation" of American melodrama by the inevitable Norwegian?

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, for the portrait of the late Sir George Findlay; to Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, for that of the late Duke of Bedford; to the York House Studio, Regent Street, for that of the late Major A. Daniell; and to Messrs. Carjat and Co., of Paris, for that of M. Challemlacour (new President of the Senate).



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Florence on Thursday afternoon, March 23; they were met by the Duke of Aosta, representing the King of Italy; by the Marquis di Torrigiano, Syndic or Mayor of Florence, with the Marchesa, his wife; and by Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador in Italy, with Lady Vivian, the British Consul-General and Lady Colnaghi, and other representatives of England. The Queen and the Prince and Princess went to the Villa Palmieri. Earl Spencer has gone to Florence as Minister in attendance on her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Thursday, March 23, had a private audience of the Pope at the Vatican; the conversation was very friendly, and photographs of his Holiness were presented to each of his royal visitors. Their Royal Highnesses, on the same day, travelled from Rome to Naples, taking leave of the King and Queen of Italy, at whose approaching silver wedding festivity the Duke of York will be present. Arriving at Naples in the evening, they went on board the royal yacht Osborne. Next day, after receiving on board a visit from the Prince of Naples, they landed on the shore of the bay at Castellamare. They ascended Mount Vesuvius on Saturday, inspecting the craters and a part of the volcano where lava is now flowing. They also visited the Isle of Capri and the Blue Grotto.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has been staying at Buckingham Palace, and has visited several hospitals, schools, and charitable institutions in London, and the studios of Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and other artists, where she was accompanied by the Prince of Wales.

The Queen has conferred a first-class knighthood on Mr. Robert William Duff, the newly appointed Governor of New South Wales, as Knight Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The British Envoy and Minister to the United States of America, Sir Julian Pauncefote, at Washington, has been raised to the rank of ambassador. Equal rank will be given to the United States Minister in London.

Mr. William Forrest has been appointed Agent-General for the Colony of Queensland in London.

A meeting of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in the House of Commons, not including the Irish members, was held at the Foreign Office on Monday, March 27, to hear from him a statement of the situation of Parliamentary business. The Prime Minister, with reference to the smallness of his majority in the House, observed that it was larger than those possessed by "three of the strongest Governments" since the Reform Bill of 1832—namely, that of Lord Melbourne, from 1835 to 1841; that of Lord John Russell, in 1847; and that of Lord Palmerston in 1859. Lord Melbourne's Ministry remained in office six years and a half. Now, the present Government, relying on the spirit of unity and deliberate self-discipline of its party, had introduced numerous measures, of which the Irish Home Bill and the Parish Local Government Councils Bill were the most important. Mr. Gladstone proceeded to relate the conduct of the Opposition since the beginning of this Session—in the ten-days debate on the Address and the thirteen days of discussion in Committee of Supply—which had left small time for legislative measures. The Government had introduced seven Bills, and were awaiting an opportunity to introduce four more. He now proposed that the House should adjourn for Easter on Thursday, March 30; and it was a fixed point, whatever might happen, that the Irish Home Rule Bill should come on for a second reading on Thursday, April 6. After Easter, that Bill should have precedence on all days, though Wednesdays would not be uniformly taken; the Government business would have precedence on Tuesdays, and there should be morning sittings on Fridays. This was a requisite and moderate demand to prevent serious failure of the obligations of Government. In reply to the Prime Minister, observations were made by Sir J. Pease, Dr. Cameron, Mr. J. Stuart, Mr. Stuart Rendel, Mr. F. Channing, Mr. W. Mather, Mr. H. Hoare, and Mr. Labouchere. A short speech was added by Sir W. Harcourt, and the meeting separated; no resolutions were passed.

The great dispute in the Lancashire cotton-spinning industry, which has lasted for five months, affecting nearly one hundred thousand hands, and involving a loss in wages alone of upwards of a million sterling, was settled, on March 24, by a conference of employers' and workmen's representatives, at Brooklands, near Manchester. The terms of arrangement are embodied in a signed agreement containing ten articles. The first is a formal declaration of the expediency of providing means whereby disputes may be settled without recourse to strikes or lock-outs. The second stipulates that the pending disputes are to be settled by a reduction of 7d. in the pound in the present wages of the operative spinners, card and blowing-room hands, reellers, and winders, to take effect forthwith; the mills to resume work on Monday, March 27. The other articles set forth the conditions under which future advances or reductions in wages shall be made, and provide for the submitting of all disputes, in regard to wages and other matters, to a joint committee of employers' and operatives' representatives.

A conference of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association, presided over by Sir E. Birkbeck, held during several days at Fishmongers' Hall, London, was closed on March 24, after passing resolutions on many subjects relating to sea fisheries, including harbour accommodation, the rules of the road at sea for steam trawlers, compulsory pilotage, the liability of ship-owners for injuries sustained by their employés at sea, the expediency of legislation to restrain the taking of immature or under-sized fish, and the extension of facilities for shell-fish culture.

The affairs of the House and Land Investment Trust Company, promoted by Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour, have been investigated by the Registrar of the Bankruptcy Court. This company was started in 1875, promising to procure safe investments for persons of small means, and receiving deposits on shares at the rate of five shillings a

month. The original capital of the company was £100,000, divided into £10 shares, and in March 1891 the capital was increased to £500,000, divided into £5 shares. The winding-up order was made on Oct. 25 last, when the statement of affairs showed liabilities to creditors £2,694,815, of which £2,120,949 are unsecured, with estimated net assets £567,470, the deficiency as regards contributories being returned at £1,656,630. It appeared that, from the earliest years of the company, fictitious balance-sheets and false accounts were published, setting forth profits which were never earned and concealing great losses.

The trial of Mr. James William Hobbs, builder and contractor, of Norbury Hall, Croydon, and Mr. Henry Granville Wright, solicitor, for the forgery of bills and obtaining money by fraud from the "Liberator Permanent Building and Investment Society," resulted on March 22, at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, in a verdict of guilty against both defendants. Hobbs was charged also, as director and manager of the company Hobbs and Co. (Limited), with making false entries in its books and stealing the company's money; the chief witness against him on this charge was his brother-in-law, George Charles Kentish, who was his chief clerk. The second trial, on March 23, resulted in a further conviction of Hobbs; after which Wright was again put on trial, with George Newman, builder, for conspiring to obtain other sums of money by false pretences. The Hobbs Company, during about ten years, obtained from the Liberator Society, to which Wright was solicitor and Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour director, very large advances upon slight security, till, at the end of last year it owed the Liberator two millions sterling. Hobbs and Co. were also financed by the Lands Allotment Company, the House and Land Trust, and the London and General Bank. Other companies were invented to facilitate the transactions. While paying seven per cent. dividends out of borrowed money, the Hobbs Company never made any profit. Its liabilities to creditors now amount to the enormous sum of £3,410,000, of which £525,000 is unsecured, with assets estimated at £74,533. There is a deficiency of £514,260 in the sum to be raised by contributors. The buildings mortgaged are not likely to realise anything approaching the charges upon them. The series of trials came to an end on Monday, May 27, with a verdict of guilty against Wright and Newman upon the charges relating to the other company, that of Newman and Co. (Limited). Mr. Justice Hawkins then passed sentence of twelve years' penal servitude on Hobbs and Wright, for the crime of forgery, and five years, concurrently, for the other fraudulent acts; and five years' penal servitude on Newman.

A statement of the aggregate losses incurred by the shareholders and depositors and creditors of the different companies formed or worked in connection with Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour's financial operations shows that the amount lost is over seven millions sterling, as estimated by those appointed to wind up their affairs. Eight of these concerns are being wound up by order of the Court—namely, the Liberator Building Society, the London and General Bank, the House and Land Investment Trust, the Lands Allotment Company, the Building Securities Company, J. W. Hobbs and Co., George Newman and Co., and the Real Estates Company. In every case there is a large deficiency, namely, £2,972,806 on the Liberator; £458,145 on the London and General Bank; £2,000,000 on the House and Land Investment Trust; also £520,000 on the Lands Allotment Company; £391,000 on the Building Securities Company; nearly £600,000 on Hobbs and Co.; £91,425 on G. Newman and Co.; and £117,747 on the Real Estates Company—supposing the assets to be realised and the uncalled share capital to be paid up; but the actual loss will be far greater.

The funeral ceremonies in Paris, on Wednesday, March 22, at the departure of the body of the late M. Jules Ferry, President of the Senate, for the place of interment, St. Dié, in the Vosges, were of an imposing character. M. Bardoux, on behalf of the Senate, M. Casimir-Périer, President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Ribot, the Prime Minister, and M. Dupuy, Minister of Education, delivered speeches over the coffin at the Luxembourg Palace, from which a procession attended the funeral car to the Eastern Railway station, with an escort of troops. Among those present were deputations representing Alsace and Lorraine, and the French colonists of Algeria, Tunis, and Tonkin.

M. Charles de Lesseps and M. Blondin have appealed to the Court of Cassation against their recent sentence by the Court of Assize. A fresh statement is made concerning the 750,000*fr.* alleged to have been paid M. Floquet by the Panama Company. It is now said that Baron de Reinach simply appropriated the money, and never handed it to M. Floquet. Baron de Reinach went to M. Cottu, and explained to him that with the 750,000*fr.*, of which the Government had need for the elections, he could make the Crédit Foncier favourable to the Panama enterprise. The money was handed to the Baron, but the Crédit Foncier did not alter its hostile attitude. Thereupon M. Cottu complained to Baron de Reinach, who returned to M. Cottu 140,000*fr.* in two instalments, but M. Cottu is convinced that M. Floquet never had any of the money.

The French Prefecture of Police announces the arrest of the Anarchist Matthieu, the supposed author of the dynamite explosion at the Café Véry, on the Boulevard Magenta, in April last year, when M. Véry, at whose restaurant the Anarchist leader Ravachol was arrested, was so injured that he died a few days after. The arrest of Matthieu was effected at St. Michel-en-Thierache, in the Department of the Aisne.

The Comte de Paris has addressed a letter to all the Royalist committees in France, on the exposures of the Panama trials, which have, says his Royal Highness, deprived the Government and the Chamber of Deputies of all moral credit, and should make France understand the need of restoring the Monarchy.

The German Emperor and Empress are to be at Rome as guests of the King and Queen of Italy, and to visit the Pope at the Vatican on April 22. Their Imperial Majesties

will also go to Naples, accompanied by the King and Queen, and will inspect the Italian naval arsenal at Spezia, but there will be no review of the Italian fleet.

The political conflict between Sweden and Norway is still a topic of excited controversy, and the King has postponed leaving Stockholm for Christiania, his Norwegian capital. The Norwegian poet and novelist, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, though a great champion of popular rights, disapproves of the extreme attitude taken up by some of his countrymen. He remarks, "People talk very lightly of dissolving the Union, as if it could be done by a stroke of the pen through one of the paragraphs of our fundamental law. If the country were unanimous, or nearly so, it might be done on satisfactory terms, for why should Sweden cling to a partnership which the other insisted on renouncing? But for one political party in Norway to force or rush through a dissolution of the Union against another Norwegian party is an adventure which must end in a fiasco, if nothing worse."

A personal insult, but not an alarming attack, on King Humbert of Italy took place on March 25 as his Majesty was driving to the Villa Borghese at Rome. A man wearing a white-and-yellow rosette threw into the royal carriage a paper bag filled with earth. He was identified as a clerical fanatic named Luigi Berardi, who in 1882 was condemned by the Assize Court to seven years' imprisonment for murder, and afterwards emigrated to America, but returned to Rome a short time ago. He admitted that he intended to insult the King because his Majesty declined to effect a reconciliation with the Pope.

A great disaster is said to have happened to a convoy of Russian prisoners with their military escort in Siberia. The party, numbering 374 persons altogether, being on the road within six hours of Tomsk, was caught by a tremendous snow-storm, and only ninety-one survivors reached the town. Among those who perished were six women and four children.

The Western States of America in the Mississippi region were extensively visited on March 22 by a furious storm of wind, hail, and snow, a cyclone, which caused immense havoc in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Western Tennessee. The towns of Kelly, Tunica, and Cleveland have been almost destroyed, and a schoolhouse for coloured children has been demolished. A hundred and fifty children were in the building at the time, and many were killed or injured.

The trial of the United States cruiser, the New York, indicates that she is the fastest armoured cruiser afloat. On a ten-mile course in Delaware Bay the vessel developed a speed of 19.95 knots an hour, going once each way over the course, so that the tide did not enter into the calculations. Out in deep water the ship had an estimated speed of 20.38 knots an hour, and once reached the rate of 20.57 knots.

Sir George Dibbs, the Premier of New South Wales, has resigned his seat for Murrumbidgee in consequence of pecuniary difficulties, which will necessitate the administration of his affairs in the Bankruptcy Court. He estimates his liabilities at £18,000 and his assets at £35,000, which cannot immediately be realised. He proposes to seek re-election, and in the meantime will retain the Premiership, while Mr. Barton, the Attorney-General, will conduct the business of the Government.

At Melbourne the trials of fraudulent bank directors, managers, and auditors have engaged the criminal courts. The Anglo-Australian Bank and the Mercantile Bank of Australia are proved to have issued false balance-sheets. Several persons are found guilty and sentenced to different terms of imprisonment.

In Queensland Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith has succeeded in forming a Government, and will himself be Premier, with the office of Chief Secretary; he may possibly act, in addition, as Minister of Railways. Mr. H. M. Nelson will replace Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith as Colonial Treasurer; Mr. A. H. Barlow, who represents Ipswich in the Legislative Assembly, will be the new Minister of Education.

Lord Hopetoun, the Governor of Victoria, who, with Lady Hopetoun and Lord Northesk, has spent two months in visiting various places of interest in New Zealand, has arrived at Sydney. It is his intention to spend a month in New South Wales and Queensland, after which he will return to Victoria to resume his official duties.

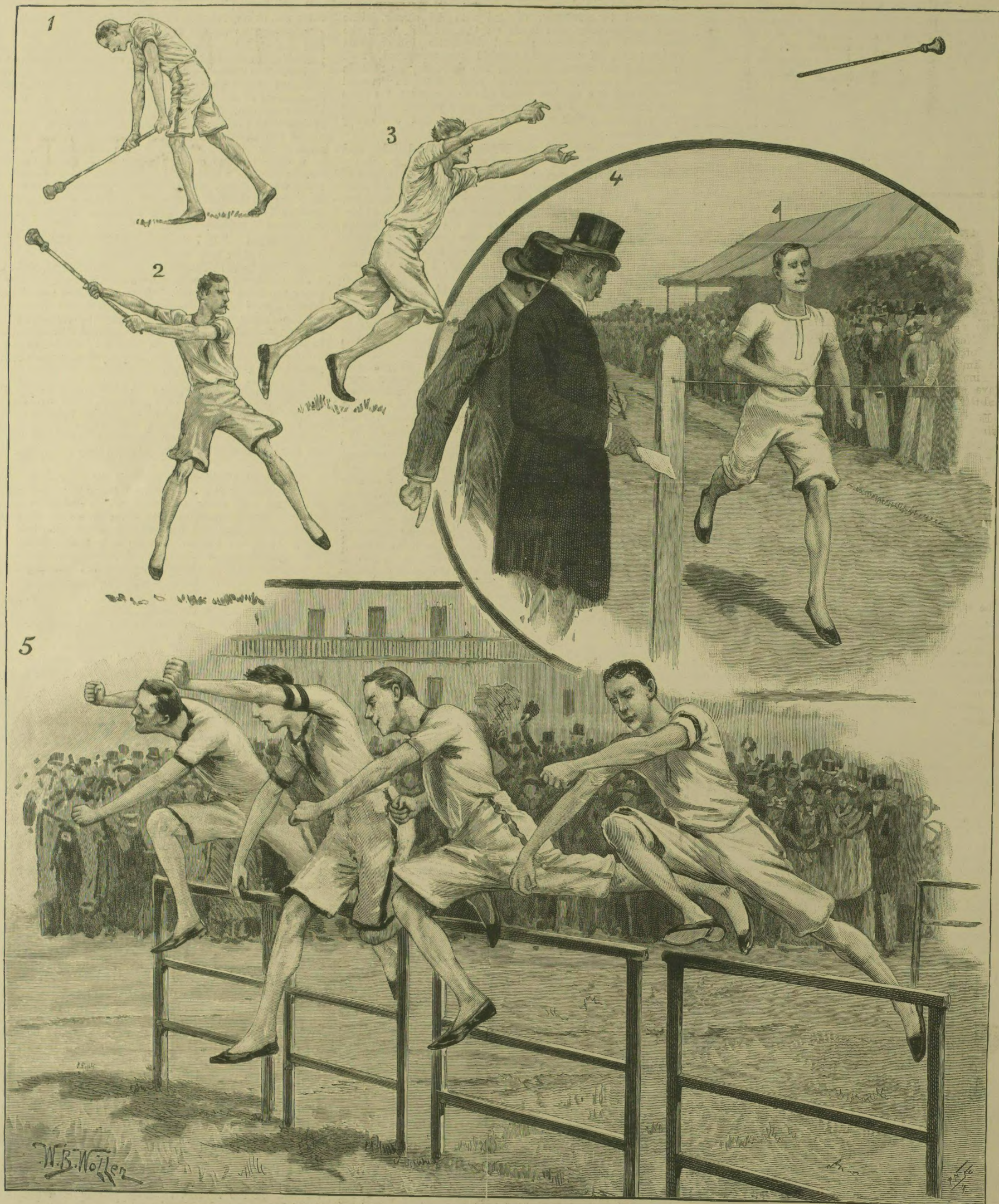
News has reached Sydney of the coronation of Tanfa Hau as King of Tonga in succession to his great-grandfather, King George, who died at a very advanced age on Feb. 19. The ceremony passed off quietly, and the new King has appointed Mr. Shirley Baker, the former Prime Minister, who was deported from the island by Sir John Thurston, in 1890, Receiver-General of the kingdom.

In the Legislative Council of India, on March 21, Sir D. Barbour presented his financial statement. It showed, on the revised estimates for 1893, a deficit of 1,081,900 rupees, due to the fall in exchange, increased sterling expenditure, and increased expenditure on the Indian Army; but the deficit would probably be reduced in the closing accounts for the year. The estimates for next year showed a revenue of 66,648,800 rupees, and an expenditure of 68,243,900—a deficit of 1,595,100 rupees, principally caused by the fall in exchange. Future prospects were disheartening on account of the continual fluctuations in exchange. The evil must ere long be dealt with, and the only possible remedy involved increased expenditure. The loan of three crores of rupees, which it was proposed to raise in India, would meet the immediate necessities of the case.

Despatches from the Chin country announce that the Dolyin Syin chief has been arrested, and that all the rebel villages, except Pimpi and Liban, have submitted.

Some further particulars have arrived regarding the hauling down of the British flag by the French on the Gambia. The scene of the occurrence was Panchang, a town in the Saloum country, and the flag had been hoisted by Mr. R. B. Llewellyn, C.M.G., the Administrator of the Gambia. Panchang is within the British sphere, and is shown on the recognised maps at a point ninety-five miles up the river. The flag was hauled down by the administrator of the adjoining French district.





1, 2, 3. Throwing the Hammer.

4. F. S. Horan (Cambridge) winning the Three Miles in 14 min. 44 3-5 sec.

5. The Last Hurdle.

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

There is an old saying at Cambridge that the 'Varsity loses the sports when it wins the three-miles race.' It is akin to the tradition that the Light Blues must be defeated in the boat-race if the prophets do not promise them a certain victory. I do not pretend that the utterance is infallible, but precedent stamps it as true. On March 23 last the people from the Cam won the long-distance race in a common trot; but they were hopelessly beaten in every other event except the mile. Yet disgrace was far from them. The two events which they won were the two most remarkable races in the afternoon. Mr. W. E. Lutyens, of Sidney, ran the mile in four minutes twenty-two seconds. The time has been beaten by Mr. Pollock-Hill only, and yet the winner of Thursday won with such ridiculous ease that had any of the others been able to stay with him he might have surpassed even the world's record. It was a performance superb to see. In the three miles, Mr. Horan, of the Hall, got over the distance in 14 min. 44 3-5 sec. This is a record for these sports, and is not many seconds behind the world's

record. The runner is evidently an athlete of the generation, and if he cultivate his powers properly he should accomplish some very surprising times over long distances. In the quarter-mile, Mr. Ramsbotham secured a victory for the Dark Blues, winning in 50 2-5 sec. Mr. Lewin, of the Hall, a good second, ran a great race at the finish, but the sprinter always had the pace of him, and never left the matter in doubt during the last fifty yards. Oxford were equally sure of both the jumps. Mr. Swanwick, of University, cleared 5 ft. 11 in. in the high jump, and narrowly missed making an even record. His opponent failed to get within an inch and a half of him; but Mr. Fry's victory in the long jump was even more decisive. At his first effort he cleared 23 ft. 0 1/2 in., his nearest opponent, or rather ally, Mr. Oakley, of the "House," jumped only 21 ft. 10 in. In that event most dull to witness, the hammer, Mr. Robertson, of Oxford, threw 105 ft. 1 1/2 in.; Mr. Jennings, of Caius, coming well behind him with 90 ft. and some inches. So in "putting the weight," Mr. Hind, of Keble, put 34 ft. 11 1/2 in.,

and helped Oxford to sweep the board in a wholesale way. Practically, the one bright ray of hope for the Cantabs had been the hurdles, where the victory of Mr. Le Fleming was awaited with some confidence; but he did not run in his true form; and although the time was 16 2-5 sec., he could reach the third place only. The two Keble men, Gedge and Collis, made a dead-heat after a fine piece of running and jumping; and their record completed the wholesale victory of the Dark Blues.

The sports were magnificently attended, as much as £1600 being taken from the crowds who thronged the Queen's Ground. The sun shone kindly on fair women and brave men; and the expected throngs of old blues were present to comment on the indifference of all modern sport. The coming of the meeting after the 'Varsity race seemed rather to have added to its popularity; and one rarely has seen such a collection of amazingly bright toilets, or such a show of summer as this chicken-hearted March permitted. The whole thing was a success, thorough and unmistakable.

M. P.



# THE REBEL QUEEN

BY

## WALTER BESANT.

## CHAPTER XV.

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.—*Romeo and Juliet.*



LOOK around you, Francesca." Clara sat down on the bed and indicated with her parasol the various points of the compass represented by the four corners of the room. "This is the cottage you have deliberately chosen instead of your Palace. This room is all that you will have for yourself until you tire of things and go home again—unless Something happens," she added softly.

The room was certainly very small—say, twelve feet by eleven. It was also furnished as simply as a bed-room can be furnished. That is to say, there was a bed in it; there were also a chest of drawers, a single chair, and a washhand-stand; a small cupboard, a slip of carpet, and a small looking-glass completed the furniture. To the ordinary eye it suggested a housemaid's room—the chamber of the under-housemaid. To Francesca it represented the furniture proper to her experiment.

Standing on the floor, open, was a trunk, one box—a large box, certainly, but one box only—which contained all Francesca's "things." This young lady of society was going to stay an indefinite time in lodgings, and had actually brought all her "things" in one box. She was engaged in unpacking these things, laying them in the drawers and hanging them up in the cupboard. It was the first time in her life that she had done this work for herself, and there was a novelty about it. Yet one cannot say that she altogether liked it. Lifting and hanging and folding fatigued even the arms of youth. While she was thus busied the talk went on, Clara doing most of it.

"The room will do very well," Francesca replied carelessly. "It is not the room that I think about."

"You have seen Nelly. She will be your principal companion as long as you choose to stay here, unless—unless Something happens." She repeated the last words with a murmur which almost suggested the phrase of the old woman who, when she says "Something," means the Black Box.

"Nelly and I mean to get on very well together. And Something will happen, I am sure. Oh! I am already glad that I came. Something great will happen to me here. I feel that I shall have a great experience. As for Nelly, we shall get on. She looks as good-natured and as dainty as she is pretty."

"She is what she looks—poor Nell! Only you will find her—I don't know—rather sharper of speech and more decided in manner than most of the girls you know. She's got to keep herself, and the home as well, for her father gives her very little. She is breadwinner and housekeeper and all, and it makes her sharp. I am quite sure you will like her, Francesca. Otherwise I would never have proposed the thing. And then"—she coloured a little, feeling guilty of conspiracy, and being a young conspirator, not yet hardened in crime, she could not help changing colour and dropping her eyes—"and then there is Emanuel, you know."

"Yes; there's always the mysterious Emanuel. Who is he, Clara?"

"He is Nelly's lodger."

"Oh! A lodger!" Francesca's face fell. "I thought we should be alone in the house, Nelly and I, and the servants, together."

"The servants! My dear, it is one little maid of fourteen. And I fear you must expect to meet Emanuel at all the meals." She looked out of the window. "There he is, sitting in the sun—he can't get too much sun—without a hat—at his work. He is a wood-carver by trade."

"Oh!" Again Francesca's face fell. "A wood-carver. I am to take my dinner in the company of a working man. Well. Why not? If it is all in the experiment, Clara, why not? I shall imagine myself to be a working woman before I have done, I dare say."

"He is something more than a working man, Francesca. How much more I leave you to find out. Oh! you will find him"—she laughed—"a very well-trained working man. Francesca"—Clara became very much in earnest, and laid her hand upon her friend's arm—"please—please—I implore you—do not begin by thinking of him as a working man. You shall know the reason why afterwards. What else he is—but you shall find out for yourself."

"Very well, Clara, I will think of him as you wish." She stooped and fished up a packet from the interior of the box: a little leather case: she opened it and took out a miniature, which she placed on the mantelshelf.

"Heavens!" said Clara, turning suddenly pale. "You have brought the portrait of your father—your father—here!"

"Why not? I carry it about with me always. It gives me a sense of protection. I am not afraid of anything so long as his picture is beside me."

"Here! Oh! I did not expect. . . . But never mind"—Francesca pushed aside the long branches of Virginia



"Come," cried Nelly, tapping a cup with a spoon. "The tea is getting cold. Please leave off talking and begin."



creeper which hung before the window. "We want more air," she said. "What a strange look-out! A great cemetery covered with tombs. The living on one side of the house and the dead on the other. They sleep quietly, Clara. I think they will not disturb me."

"The portrait of her father! Here!" murmured Clara. "Oh, she will know him at first sight!"

"There is a little garden," Francesca went on. "What a funny little garden! There is a man in it—a man with long hair, sitting at a bench in the sun, bareheaded, with a panel before him. Clara, this is your wood-carver, I suppose. He looks very busy."

"Yes," she said, "that is our wood-carver."

Francesca nodded and went back to her work of putting away. Clara turned her eyes from the miniature on the mantelshelf to the man in the garden.

"You said you had something else to say, Clara, while we were unpacking."

"Yes. Oh, yes, yes!—I had almost forgotten. It is only that I want you not to think any longer that you are looking out of an hotel window at the Passing Show. You are in the Show, dressed up and ready to play your own separate part. No more of the nest lined with eider-down and velvet, all apart and secluded. Here we are in the world of work."

"I shall dream that I am in it. But, of course, I can never be in the world, really, at all. It isn't healthy to sit too much at the hotel window, is it?"

"Nell will go about with you and show you things—whatever you would like to see. But don't try to see everything. You can find out what you want in two or three families as well as in a thousand: men are all alike, I believe, only differently dressed, and we eat different things, happily." Clara shuddered, for there came into the window, wafted by the summer breath from some neighbour's house, a fragrance of fried fish. "Nelly, you know, can only take you about among her own People. If you want to see the other People you must go to the curates and the sisters and the deaconesses and the Bible women and the mission men and the Salvation lasses and the young men from the Universities. It will touch them to see a pretty girl like you interested in their work. Compassion and loveliness go well together."

"I daresay we shall not want any other than Nelly's friends."

"I sometimes think, Francesca, that if one tenth part of the labour were spent upon our People that is yearly expended among these Christians, to lift them up and drag them out of the mire and push and shove them along the ways of virtue, the old reproach of our stiffneckedness and our stubbornness would have been broken down long ago. There must be something singularly attractive in being dirty and drunken, otherwise the London slums would cease to-morrow. Francesca, don't be persuaded to go slumming. It does no good, mind, except to make one miserable, to find human creatures living like pigs in a sty. What you want is the right understanding of humanity; and that, my dear, you will get from good honest working people much better than from the wrecks and the failures."

"I will follow your advice, Clara," Francesca replied, smiling. "You brought me here. You shall tell me what to do."

"I want to drag you out of yourself, my dear. If you can only feel that you are like everybody else—a part of the crowd—you will be transformed. And before I have done I will give you—what? You shall see. Such gifts as you never dreamed of receiving. I shall make you twice as rich as ever you have been before."

"My dear Clara!"—Francesca was touched with the sudden change into earnestness—"why do you take so much trouble about me? I am not worth it."

"That, too, you shall learn, but not to-night. Well, now, let us finish, because Nell will be expecting us. Don't be afraid to talk to Nell. She won't understand your fine ignorance about the rest of the world. She will treat you just exactly as if you were like everybody else—made up of loves and affections and cousinships and ties here and there. Oh! Francesca!" She clapped her hands and jumped off the bed where she was sitting. "I really think there never was such a case as yours in the whole world before. You are the only person in the whole world who cannot realise that the men and women in it are really real. Now, begin with Nelly. She is ready to your hand—a capital subject. Pinch her and stick pins into her, just to find out whether she cries out when she is hurt, as you do; if she does, you have advanced a step. Find out what she wants—you will easily do that—poor thing! She wants what we all want—oh! if you reflect that you want what she wants, it will go a long way towards making you understand all women ten times as well as your mother understands them."

"What we all want? I suppose we do not all want the same thing."

"Oh! yes, we do. All the same thing. My dear!"—she caught Francesca's hand—"we all want love. You as much as the meanest milliner's girl in Regent Street; and you had it, and you didn't understand that you wanted it, and you threw it away all for a formula."

"You don't know what you are saying, Clara!" Francesca's cheeks glowed and her lips quivered.

"Oh, yes, I do! Now, that's enough. You will find out the truth, or else I shall be sorry indeed that ever I brought you here; but remember, my dear, above all things talk to Emanuel. Talk to him when you've done pinching Nelly." Francesca turned and looked into the garden again through the Virginia creeper. Just then Emanuel lifted his head and looked up with a sigh of weariness. The sunlight fell full upon his face. Heavens! how like it was to Francesca's face! Clara glanced sharply at her friend to see if perchance there should be any recognition. None? Strange! Yet Francesca had with her—she never went anywhere without it—the drawing of her father's face. Why did she not cry out with wonder at the likeness? But no, she showed not the least sign of recognition or trouble, or doubt. The face was twenty years older, yet the same face.

"Emanuel," Clara went on, watching for some sign and talking while she watched, "will tell you many great and wonderful things. He has brought home with him some great and wonderful discovery. Nobody knows yet what it is. He leans over the garden wall and meditates upon it. My dear! Emanuel is not a common working man, nor is he a common man at all. I have asked him to be gracious. Don't mind his calling you by your first name, Francesca. It is his humour. He is like a Quaker for that. In the East, where he has travelled a great deal, the Arabs call each other by one name only. I don't believe he knows my surname!"

"Is he one of your own People, Clara? But I suppose he must be."

"He is—very much. Like us, he is a Spanish Jew. Perhaps, some day, he will tell you the family history. It is interesting."

"Spanish? I am always coming across Spaniards. Yes. If it is like my own history!"

"It is exactly like your own, Francesca. Shall we go down?"

"Yes; I suppose so. I feel as if I were about to be cut adrift, and yet I am not afraid. I am on a voyage of discovery, and on the other side of the sea—what?"

"You shall see. Something that you little expect—something great. Just remember once more, dear, that you are no longer looking out of the window of a private room in an hotel. Dear me! I never before understood how a man may make himself a veritable hermitage out of a private room. He needn't go into the desert and live in a cave among serpents and mosquitoes. He needn't put on sackcloth and a hair shirt. Well, here you are and here I shall leave you. And now—oh! These are the rules of the house. This is the last of the explaining. Breakfast at eight, dinner at one; tea at five, supper at nine, simple living. No luxuries. For society, Emanuel and Nell. Oh! And"—Clara hesitated, "there may be—I hope not—but I fear there may be—a young fellow. He isn't Love himself exactly—not with wings, you know, and a bow, but he has introduced the subject of Love and—and—well, I don't know. But he may come in some evening with an offering of shrimps—Love's simple gift of shrimps. I hope not."

"Why not?"

"Because, great stupid, he's a Christian and she is a Jewess. Don't you understand that it can't be? We must not marry outside our own People. And Nelly's father in some things—not that on the racecourse he ever asks what he eats—is the most religious of men. If a Jewess marries outside her religion she leaves her People. Very well: That's all, I think. Oh! You must remember that Nelly's pupils mostly come to her in the evening. She wants the parlour from six to nine. And now we'll go downstairs. After tea I shall go and leave you to—Emanuel—and, oh! Francesca!"—she kissed her friend on the cheek after the manner of maidens, "you will, I think, I hope, learn to be content to be a woman—only a woman—though you are now so cold and so proud—your poor thing!"

A tear stood in her eye and her voice broke—was not Francesca, though she was ignorant of the fact, her own cousin? Was she not contriving a beautiful conspiracy which should restore the fatherless one to her long-lost parent, with a troop of cousins, just like quite ordinary maidens? "Oh! and I quite forgot," Clara turned round at the head of the stairs; "it's no use here ringing for anything. If you do nothing will come up. Aladdin has lost his lamp. The Magic Knob, my dear, has lost its Virtue."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### "BID ME DISCOURSE."

Dropping into prose, Clara said that it was past tea-time, and that Nelly would be waiting, and they must go downstairs.

Nelly, in fact, was waiting. The tea was laid with an unusual display of cake and confections and dainty bread-and-butter. It was a tea not likely to be repeated—a tea in honour of her visitor: this young lady, fabulously rich, who could make her—Nelly—rich, and never feel it. This mental attitude in the presence of a rich person is quite intelligible, and therefore universal. Who, among poor men suffering from poverty, can stand before a very rich man without the feeling that this man, *without feeling it*, as they think and say, could remove from him the reproach of poverty? Inept poor man! The rich man could not remove the reproach of ineptitude which keeps you poor. Go! get ability, and then you will be able to stand upright before your rich man with no such envious yearning. But Nelly had never before been in the company of a rich person, and it must be confessed that she had been encouraged to respect worldly wealth above all earthly things. Therefore, she sat nervously behind her tea-tray arranging her cups and saucers, and wondered what the rich girl wanted down there—among the folk who work. Clara had told her this and that; but the more Clara talked about it, the less Nelly understood. What did Francesca Elveda—her mother worth millions—want that she should leave her lap of luxury and come down to this simple, if respectable, six-roomed house in a—well, respectable though not elevated, suburban terrace? Standing at the table was the lodger—Emanuel—the working-man whom Francesca was so carefully entreated not to consider as a working man. He had not changed his dress—he still wore his working jacket. Francesca had expected a frock-coat at least. But he showed no consciousness of being dressed otherwise than was right. He stood aside when the two girls entered the room, and waited to be introduced. This Clara made haste to do.

Now, this was the first scene or situation—which might very well be the last—Francesca was to be presented to her own father. She had his portrait upstairs on the mantelshelf. Why should she not recognise him? Yet, why should she? We have already in the Chapter on Coincidence which goes before called attention to the difference between the face of twenty-five and the face of forty-five or fifty. Would you know yourself, dear reader of forty-five, when you consider

that old portrait? Would your daughter know you if she had not seen you during all those years? Would she know you, if she had never seen you at all, except in a portrait taken at twenty-five? Would she recognise you if she had nothing to go by—no shifting changes in the light—look of the eyes—trick of stooping shoulders—chin in the air—carriage of the figure—no familiar music of your voice—no gesture—nothing but the face that changes not—the face painted by the sun? Would she recognise you if, in addition, your short hair had grown long, your brown beard was flecked with grey, your smooth face was lined, and your eyes were half hidden with glasses? Would your daughter, again, recognise you if you appeared before her not in the guise of a gentleman, with a boiled shirt and a white collar and a frock-coat all buttoned down before, and white hands, but in the dress of a better class working man with a flannel shirt, having a flannel collar and a square jacket with pockets and weather-browned, work-hardened hands?

"Francesca, dear," Clara turned furiously red and plunged at once into her situation, taking it rather too quickly for the audience, had there been any. "This is Emanuel. It is his special wish to be addressed and to call us, by the first name only. Emanuel, this is my friend Francesca of whom—of whom—of whom I spoke to you—Francesca—who has come—come—come to stay here." Without any apparent reason Clara hesitated, stammered, and showed every sign of nervousness. But she also watched the two people whom she presented to each other glancing curiously from one to the other. There was not in either face a spark of recognition or even of suspicion or surprise. Yet, to her, who *knew*, the two faces were exactly alike: the secret was proclaimed; she was only astonished that Nelly did not cry out, "Why, Francesca is his daughter!" or that Emanuel did not exclaim, gravely, "Why, you must be my child!" or that Francesca herself did not stoop and kiss his hand, crying, "My father! I have, then, a father! I know you by your likeness to me!" None of these things happened. Therefore she went on, "Emanuel, I want you to be very kind to Francesca. Tell her things—anything. Although she is only a woman, she is really intelligent. Tell her some of the things you have told me—some of your experiences—your travels—your learning—your science—everything."

Emanuel bowed low. Francesca, perhaps prepared by what Clara had told her, perceived that here was a man to be remarked. Not, certainly, a common working man. There was a strange beauty in his face: his serious eyes: his expression, steady and full of purpose, conveyed a sense of strength. As Clara had predicted, she was attracted—or at least interested—from the very first. When he bowed and when he spoke it was with the manner of a Duke. Francesca knew no more about Dukes—French and Italian Dukes not counting—than her biographer; but when one speaks of the Ducal manner one arrives at it by a rapid and easy calculation. One knows the plain Mister—his plain manners: one rises to those of an Esquire: a Knight Bachelor—manners just a little bit exalted: a Knight of the Bath—manners already distinguished: a Baronet—manners almost lordly: a Baron; and so on, till one arrives at the giddy elevation of a Duke and the Ducal manner. On this pinnacle, like some Simon taking his title proudly from his Pillar, stood Emanuel the Wood-Carver, illustrating how fine the manner of a Duke may be.

"Clara exaggerates my powers of interesting you," he said. "But I will do what I can. Francesca, since that is your name, I am at your service." His speech, like that of the girl herself, had something of a foreign accent, but his voice was musical and flexible. Clara could not understand why he looked at Francesca so curiously. It was not the look of recognition that she expected. Probably he would proceed to ask her a question which would lead to explanations. Better if the discovery were deferred. Better for them to become acquainted first. But she sat curious, expectant, and rather afraid.

"Come," cried Nelly, tapping a cup with a spoon. "The tea is getting cold. Please leave off talking and begin."

Francesca took a chair. But Emanuel, standing over the table, took the loaf in his hands and said something in Hebrew. Then he cut the bread and gave to each a piece. As this little ceremony was repeated at every meal it was not difficult to associate it after a little with the function called "Grace," a thing omitted in hotels and at tables-d'hôte. Francesca, indeed, was not acquainted with even the shortest formula of grace—a defect due to her exceptional up-bringing. It was a custom of Religion, she observed. The man who repeated the Prayer brake bread and divided it.

This done, Emanuel sat down and received his tea and took his toast in quite Occidental fashion.

They sat awhile in silence—Nelly shy, Clara anxious, Francesca wondering how to make conversation with a working man who had experiences of travel and of science. Somehow, she thought of Alice sitting down to tea with the March Hare. Perhaps he would propose that all should move one chair on.

"I did not expect," the working man began, "to meet this evening one whose face I have already seen."

"Where have you seen my face, Mr.—I mean—Emanuel?" Francesca replied jealously. When one is not a professional person of any kind it is natural to be jealous about the seclusion and privacy of one's face.

"I might say that I have seen it many times—that is to say, its type—in Spain. In London it is rarer. But that is not quite what I meant."

"We are of Spanish descent."

"That is obvious. Spain sets her mark—Spain above all other nations—upon every one of her children."

"What did you mean then?"

"I have seen your face in a photograph. It is in the possession of a friend of yours—and of mine. Harold is his name."

Francesca coloured quickly. What right had Harold to show her photograph to this stranger—to any one?

"He did not show it to me," Emanuel replied, reading her thoughts or interpreting her blush. "It was among his private



papers on his desk that I saw it, and I took it up because it was a Spanish face."

"Oh! Is Harold a friend of yours? He has never spoken to me—yes—oh, yes; I remember now"—her face lit up—"he has spoken to me often. You travelled with him. He found you among a Bedawi tribe—you travelled up the valley of the Euphrates together. Oh! I remember your name very well. And he thinks so much of you."

"Emanuel knows everybody," said Clara.

"Yes, we travelled together."

"You are that Emanuel? Oh! he can never speak enough about you. Oh! you are that Emanuel. Oh! I am so glad to meet you. I, too, have lived in the Desert. We lived in the tents, in the Hauran and the Desert south of the Hauran, for three delightful months. Emanuel," she changed suddenly and became at once open and expansive, "since you are a friend of Harold's, you must be a friend of mine."

"Harold is a young man of great qualities. It was in order to see Harold and to bring him something—something"—his eyes brightened—"that I have discovered—something of the greatest importance—that I came here. He is my friend. I can talk to Harold."

"Talk to me as well," said Francesca. "For he has told me of the talks you had in your travels. He remembers them yet. Was he not glad to see you?"

"Very glad. We had much to say. On his table I saw your photograph."

Francesca coloured again. What had Harold told this man?

"Harold is almost my brother," she said, feeling immediately after that she had said the weakest thing possible to be said. For, having boldly advanced the principle that Harold's friends were her friends, any explanation of the situation was certainly undignified.

"Almost your brother," he repeated. "Yet, between almost and quite, how great a gulf is fixed!"

Francesca made no reply. The thing might have been said with meaning. What had Harold told him? But it was said so gently and simply that it might have been only a general proposition.

"I hear," Emanuel went on, "that you find yourself, for some cause or other, separated from the world. When one grows older, it is separation from the world that is most desired. Away from cities one can breathe and think."

"But you must first know the world."

"One must first be young; and we must define the world. This is one world, round this house—a world that works, a world subordinate, yet a world well-to-do. Not far off is a world not so well-to-do, in positions not so assured. Farther off still, there is the world of those who neither work nor live, but thrive and starve. Your world, perhaps, is another world still, which never works at all unless it work of its own choice. You can very easily, if you have imagination, feel separated from the world which works. But most women ardently desire that separation. In my youth" ("Now," thought Clara, "for the revelation which will lead to the question") "I have been in your world, Francesca; not for long—I might have stayed in it but for an unforeseen occurrence. Poor I was when I went into it; poor I came out of it; poor have I remained. It is not for me to find cheap sneers at the world which works not. Yet, the true curse of labour is the curse of requiring work, as the only means of keeping in health of mind and body. We should find pity, not sneers, for the world which need not work; because for most its idleness destroys the strength and stops the growth of the finer qualities."

"I have no wish to remain idle," said Francesca. "My mother, who is wealthy, has always worked very hard."

Again an opening. Clara looked up sharply. What had her mother done? Advocated the independence of women. Why did not Emanuel ask the nature of that work?

The chance was missed. Emanuel went on—generalising—in his incurious manner, as if it mattered nothing about particular cases. "The best kind of work," he said, "is recognised all over the world to be that which is done for all mankind. The preacher and the teacher, the statesman and the lawgiver, the physician and the lawyer, the man of letters, the poet and the painter, the man of science, the architect and

the engineer, these men occupy a place far higher than the trader or the manufacturer or the producer. If your work concerns humanity you cannot be separated from mankind."

"But I must first find my work."

"Young lady," he replied, "I know not yet what your gifts may be. For work of the nobler kind women are not called—no woman yet has advanced art or science or literature; not one has advanced humanity. But, I say again, I know not what your gifts may be. Perhaps to receive, to understand, and to interpret may be given to you—as it has been given to some women, who yet have not been wives and mothers."

"Emanuel thinks," said Clara, "that all women should be wives. That is the Teaching of our Religion."

"That is to say, it is the Law of Nature. Woman's proper work is laid down for her in certain lines. Outside those lines most women are unhappy. In this world which works, the women, I find everywhere, have all one hope. It is to become wives, and so to change unnatural work for that which is natural."

She sat down at the window and looked at this man—this working man who spoke with authority—the man who had so profoundly impressed Harold—the man whom Clara prayed her so earnestly not to regard only as a working man. Then she leaned her head upon her hands, and in the warm summer air her thoughts began to wander. The thoughts of the young wander hither and thither easily; they are impatient of control, yet they are easily controlled. They are, as the poet hath said, long thoughts. They are desires and ambitions; they are dreams; they are paintings; they are illusions. When they are over they are forgotten—because one is young. For the old there are no such waking dreams. There is no earthly future: their work is finished. Therefore they dream no longer, but, with what strength remains, they work. As for the merry days when all was young, when they loved and danced and sang: when they were strong and did splendid work: when they were men, and fought their way—No—no—to remember is sadness: to look forward is more sadness—with endurance—and—what else?

Francesca was young: she had visions of I know not what. Emanuel was old—to such as Francesca forty-five is considered old. What had he? Visions? meditations? Does wisdom come to him who leans over a wall and thinks?

When Francesca came back to earth, the clock, an old-fashioned cuckoo clock in some adjoining house—there is no church clock in their hearing of that street—was striking seven. Emanuel still remained motionless. He was perhaps, as he desired, separated in spirit from the world. Down below the tinkling of a banjo showed that a lesson was going on. This delightful instrument is, perhaps, never heard to greater advantage than when a beginner is taking his first lessons upon it. As an accompaniment to the intermittent, but persistent, notes of the banjo—for the beginner possessed courage—there was wafted upwards from the street in the front of the house a mingled music of children's shouts and cries, the laughter of maidens, and the louder talk of matrons.

Francesca listened. Then the old feeling came over her. She was again at the hotel window looking out at the Passing Show. She was alone among the Phantoms. The working man who was also a kind of Prophet, who preached to Harold in the Desert, and took tea and toast with Nelly and herself, and meditated among the tombs, was only one more grotesque figure added to the clown and pantaloons and the man who led the dancing bear.

She sprang to her feet, caught her hat and jacket, and fled down the stairs and into the street below.

(To be continued.)

The Lord Chancellor, on March 22, received a deputation of about two hundred English, Scotch, and Welsh members of Parliament, who urged that county justices of the peace be appointed without the intervention of Lords-Lieutenant, and without regard to political party. Speaking at some length in reply, Lord Herschell acknowledged that the present custom was very unsatisfactory, but did not feel that it would be right for him to introduce an entirely new system without sanction by a Parliamentary resolution. He thought there would be some advantages in each petty sessions Bench forming a committee, in which both political parties should be fairly represented, to recommend suitable persons for the magistracy. The Lord Chancellor himself could not have the requisite local knowledge.

The Irish Land Commission, under the Acts passed from 1881 to 1885 and 1888, reports that the Civil Bill Courts have received applications for the adjustment of rent in 32,906 cases, of which it has dealt with 27,641, while 7104 cases entered have been settled out of court; and the Commissioners have also disposed of 207,090 appeals. Under the Purchase of Land Acts, they have granted 21,391 loans, to the aggregate amount of £8,597,057.

A conference of representatives of School Boards, called by the Manchester and Bradford Boards, has resolved that elementary, secondary, and technical education should in every district be under the management of one body, elected solely for educational work, so far as such education might need aid from the local rate.



Below, at the end of the narrow garden, stood Emanuel leaning against the low wall

"We cannot all be married, Emanuel," said Francesca. "What is a girl to do who wants work and does not wish to marry?"

Emanuel gently waved his hands. "We must find that woman and then inquire into her gifts."

He relapsed into silence, and drank his tea. Then he rose, gravely bowed, and left the room.

The three girls chatted for a few minutes. "It is nearly six!" cried Clara. "I have to get home to dinner at seven, and it is Sabbath eve—I must fly. Francesca, I leave you to the tender mercies of Nelly and Emanuel. Good-bye. I will not try to see you until you send for me. Farewell, my dear. Good-bye, Nell."

She ran away. "I'm afraid, Francesca," said Nell, timidly, "that I've got a pupil coming at six."

Francesca sought the refuge of her little room; the western sun fell full upon her face; below, at the end of the narrow garden, stood Emanuel leaning over the low wall, looking across the field of graves—the stony waste and wilderness of tombs. How huge a pyramid might be made only out of the tombs in London graveyards of those whose memory is long ago forgotten, though the granite slab, or the headstone, or the broken shaft remains! The attitude of the man was one of meditation.





SOUNDING THE WOODEN BELLS FOR EASTER AT THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, PALESTINE.



## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## INTRODUCTION.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: BIRTHPLACE AND FAMILY.

A hundred years ago Samuel Taylor Coleridge, then an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, spent part of his long vacation at his mother's house at Ottery St. Mary. About half a mile from the town of Ottery, in the "hanger" or steep wooded bank which looks down on the river Otter, there is a small sandstone cave, once, perhaps, the resort of smugglers, perhaps still longer ago a shelter for prehistoric Devonians. It is called "Pixies' Parlour," the haunt, that is, of the Pixies, or "little people" of the West. Thither, after the manner of his kind, the Cambridge undergraduate escorted a party of young ladies, and, being a poet as well as an undergraduate, he wrote some charming verses in honour of the occasion which he called "Songs of the Pixies." In a note with which he afterwards prefaced his poems he tells us that "The roots of old trees form its ceiling, among which the author discovered his own initials and those of his brothers cut by the hands of their childhood." There, in the sandstone, beneath a half-burnt overhanging root, may still be seen the initials S. T. C. and a date—the right date, no doubt, if it could be deciphered. "I will dare avow"—to adopt one of Coleridge's favourite turns of speech—that it is 17 something.

In the summer of 1793 Coleridge was still, in legal phrase, an infant. He was born, as his father has recorded, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on Oct. 21, 1772. (Oddly enough, whenever Oct. 20 comes round he refers to that day as his birthday.) His father, John Coleridge, was Vicar and Chaplain Priest of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary Ottery and Master of the King's School. He was born in 1718, and was consequently fifty-four years of age when the poet, the youngest of thirteen children, was born. He was a man of considerable learning, and had raised himself by his talents and industry to a respectable position as schoolmaster and clergyman. Humorous tales of his simplicity and eccentricity are told by De Quincey and other of his son's biographers, but it is improbable that if he had been a mere pedant, guided by his wife in all practical matters, he would, without patronage or interest, have mounted step by step in his profession, or have been entrusted, as he was, with the education of the sons of the neighbouring country gentlemen. Two of his works—a "Critical Dissertation on the Book of Judges" and a "Latin Grammar"—bear witness to his worth as a critic and a scholar. He died suddenly, Oct. 4, 1781. There was but slender provision for the widow, and through one of her husband's pupils, the well-known Judge Sir F. Buller, a presentation to Christ's Hospital was obtained for Samuel. Thither he went in the following autumn, and during the "long exile" of his school life he but rarely revisited home and kindred.

Coleridge was one of a large family, but before he had completed his twenty-first year death had removed all but three of his brothers.

James, the eldest surviving son, was a captain in the Army. He married Frances Duke Taylor, the daughter of one of the co-heiresses of Richard Duke of Otterton, and settled at Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary. He was active in raising companies of Volunteers, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the local militia. He lived to old age (died 1836), and has left many descendants. His eldest grandson is the present Lord Chief Justice of England.

Edward, the next in age, was in holy orders, and made a large fortune as a private schoolmaster at Ottery. He was a robust person, of handsome frame and ready wit. He long outlived his brother (died 1843), and left behind him an abundance of pleasing anecdote. His daughter, Miss Elizabeth Coleridge, still lives at Ottery.

George, the Vicar's sixth son, was the Master of the King's School and Chaplain Priest of St. Mary's, Ottery. He acted as guardian to the poet, and concerned himself with his education at school and college. "He was," says Coleridge, "worth the rest of us in a lump." He was held in high esteem by his brothers and by their sons and grandsons. He died in 1828, aged sixty-four.

We commence our correspondence with a letter written by Coleridge to his mother when he was only twelve years of age.

## LETTER I.

Feb. 4, 1785, London, Christ's Hospital.

DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter with pleasure on the second instant, and should have had it sooner but that we had not a holiday before last Tuesday, when my brother delivered it me. I also with gratitude received the two handkerchiefs and the half-a-crown from Mr. Badcock, to whom I would be glad if you would give my thanks. I shall be more careful of the somme, as I now consider that were it not for

off her bandage and reward merit for once. But I have forgot. My Aunt desired me in the beginning of this epistle to assure you "of her kindest love" to you; she never felt so much pleasure in her life as at your success. Old Bishop is somewhat better than an Atheist. He seldom fails of his oratorical abilities on the subject of our Saviour, the immortality of the soul. His arguments are very strong, as any wise man may see as how it can't be so. Heaven would not be large enough to hold all the souls of all men who have ever liv'd. It is remarkable how zealous all these infidels are to persuade you to embrace their fantastical doctrines. Addison finely

says, "They play for nothing; if they win, they win nothing, but if they lose—We are safe on both sides." Well, but to return (a good way to apologise for digression) I shall acquaint you how my affairs stand in our little world. Le Grice and I are very polite, very civil, and very cold. So that I doubly lament your absence, as I have now no one to whom I can open my heart in full confidence. I wish you would remedy that evil by keeping up an epistolary correspondence with me. It would in some measure supply the place of conversation. I suppose I shall be Græcian in about a year. Mr. Boyer says that if I take particular care of my exercises, etc., I may find myself rewarded sooner than I expected. I know not exactly what he means; but I believe it is something concerning putting me in the first form. I have sent you a couple of my English Verses, which my Brother thinks pretty good. I should of all things wish to see you

before I am Græcian—Alia (?) also. You wished to make me a present of Burke's Art of Speaking; I am much obliged to you, but do not want it. He is often injudicious in his directions on laying the emphasis, and as for action, if you were to follow his rules your hands and arms would be comfortably tired before you got to the end of a speech. If you could send me a Young's Night Thoughts, I should be much obliged to you. Miss Calerica (?) and my cousin Bowden behave more kindly to me than I can express. I dine there every Saturday. But, above all, I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to my Brother George. He is father, brother, and everything to me. If you see Mr. Blake present my compliments to him. Ought I to write him a letter? Here I shall make an end of this epistle by assuring you that I shall ever remain your unalterable friend and affectionate brother, S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—In your next tell me how to direct to you.

## LETTER III.

Undated, from Christ's Hospital, before 1790.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will excuse me for reminding you that, as our Holidays commence next week, and I shall go out a good deal, a good pair of breeches will be no inconsiderable accession to my appearance. For though my present pair are excellent for the purposes of drawing Mathematical Figures on them, and though a walking thought, sonnet, or epigram would appear on them in very splendid type, yet they are not altogether so well adapted for a female eye—not to mention that I should have the charge of Vanity brought against me for wearing a Looking-Glass. I hope you have got rid of your cold—and I am, your affectionate Brother.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

P.S.—Can you let me have them time enough for readaptation before Whitsunday? I mean that they may be made up for me before that time.

## LETTER IV.

To his brother, the Rev. George Coleridge—  
[Christ's Hospital] May 17, 1791.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Indeed I should have written you before, but that a bad sore-throat and still worse cough prevented me from mustering spirits adequate to the undertaking.

The sore-throat gargarisation and attention have removed; my cough remains, and is, indeed, in its zenith; not Cerberus ever barked louder. Every act of tussitation seems to divorce my bowels and belly—indeed, if the said parties had not had a particular attachment to one another, they must have been long ago separated. Well, from catarrhs may Heaven preserve—

The lungs of all my Tribe!

I hope the country has had its wonted success in recruiting your Health and Spirits for the approaching school campaign. My Mother, I trust, is well, my brother James too, Mrs. J. and Mrs. L. Coleridge. I intended to



COLONEL JAMES COLERIDGE,  
GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND



MRS. COLERIDGE (FRANCES D. TAYLOR),  
GRANDMOTHER OF THE PRESENT LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

my kind friends I should be as destitute of many little necessities as some of my schoolfellows are; and Thank God and my relations for them! My brother Luke saw Mr. James Sorrel, who gave my Brother a half-a-crown from Mrs. Smerdon, but mentioned not a word of the plumb cake, and said he would call again. Return my most respectful thanks to Mrs. Smerdon for her kind favour. My aunt was so kind as to accommodate me with a box. I suppose my sister Anna's beauty has many admirers. My brother Luke says that Burke's Art of Speaking would be of great use to me. If Master Sam and Harry Badcock are not gone out of (Ottery) give my kindest love to them. Give my compliments to Mr. Blake and Miss Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Smerdon, Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, and all other friends in the country. My Uncle, Aunt, and Cousins join with myself and Brother in love to my sisters, and hope they are well, as I, your dutiful son, S. COLERIDGE, am at present.

P.S.—Give my kind love to Molly.



THE "PIXIES' PARLOUR."

## LETTER II.

May 12, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER,—To begin a letter I esteem the hardest part, therefore pardon me if I use the hackneyed strain of "I take the opportunity of my brother's departure from town, etc., etc." I pray you pardon my not writing before. Five times have I set down with a fix'd resolution to write you, and five times have I torn it up before I have writ half of it—nothing in it pleased me. It was Stuff, as Mr. Boyer phrases it. But now can I write with much better will, if only to rejoice with you at your success. I am apt to think that for you Fortune will take



have written to my brother James, but Mr. Pitt and I have the honour of resembling one another in one particular—he in his *bellatory*, and I in my epistolary department—we are both men of *Preparation*. I availed myself of your note to draw upon my aunt for half-a-guinea. My aunt and Mrs. Parker are well, *I believe*, for I have not been out lately—indeed, I believe but *once* since your absence, and that was the time when at a lady's house I met Mr. Tomkins\*, who is confessedly the finest Writer in Europe. He is likewise a literary character, having published an elegant collection of poems selected from the works of the best English poets. One or two of the poems (by no means bad ones) are his own productions. We had a long conversation together, in the close of which he declared that he thought me a very clever young man—and I declared that I thought his collection of poems one of the best collections I had ever seen—whereupon he insisted on my going with him to Macklin's, to whose Gallery he can introduce whom he pleases; and here he showed me the Title-page of Macklin's famous Bible, written by himself. It was, without hyperbole, most astonishingly beautiful. I could not help delicately insinuating that I conceived such writing not more the production of a fine-formed hand than the emanation of an elegant soul, and I ended with lamenting my own most shameful deficiency in this respect. He desired to see my writing. I showed him some; he might have read it by the light of my blushes. He, however, humanely endeavoured to recover me from my confusion by observing that, though it fell short of perfection in the article of neatness, straightness of direction, and similitude of dimension, it contained, nevertheless, the seeds of a good hand, which Time and attention alone were wanting to mature. He has given me a very pressing invitation, which I mean to accept, hoping to profit by his instruction and example.

I could not avoid being thus particular in the relation of the circumstances, since I regard *them* as the causes and that time as the era of my surprising conversion—a conversion to be paralleled by none since the Conversion of St. Paul. And now, my dear Brother, duty as well as affection prompts me to conclude the narration of this event by admonishing you to pursue the same course of reformation, as your handwriting, though sufficiently gentleman-like, is most hieroglyphically obscure.

[No signature, the letter in a copperplate hand.]

\*The title-page (of Madoc) will be in *classical* black letter, if such a term be allowable, like Duppas's title-page drawn by Mr. Tomkins, who is an amateur of Gothic calligraphy."—Letters of Robert Southey, Vol. I., p. 236.

Unpublished school exercise of S. T. Coleridge, transcribed from volume of school themes in prose and verse, collected by Rev. J. Boyer, Head Master of Christ's Hospital, and now in the possession of his grandson, James Boyer, Esq., of the Coopers' Company—

Quid fas  
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis  
Criminibus.

Before the perpetration of those actions in which the Vice is collected into one atrocious crime, the agitated mind anticipates its future horrors. But we exhibit the most striking picture of our weakness in those distempered reasonings, with which we deceive ourselves at the commencement of vicious habits. The superior enjoyments which criminal pursuits promise seem to us, then, to form the only difference between Virtue and Vice. We contemptuously compare the calm happiness of the one with the keen delights of the other. We call Temperance and Sobriety joyless severity, and think that we should have reason to congratulate ourselves on exchanging Thorns for Flowers.

But the value of a Blessing is never so fully known as by its loss. When we unfortunately come near enough to view the background of the picture, we shall find the loose hour punished by still attendant disgust and self-reproach. We shall find that as high as the Spirits are artificially raised above their natural standard, so far must they sink below it. Will the pleasures of riotous mirth compensate for the despondency which follows it? That despondency which is able to create imaginary misfortunes, how will it aggravate great and real evils? Then the Debt and Embarrassment which our irregularities have brought upon us will torture our minds with double dread and suspense. Then shall the remembrance of our loss of health be most painful. Then shall we sigh more deeply for that perpetual sunshine of the breast which Virtue and Temperance impart. Then shall we look back with keenest remorse to those happy times when we knew and feared no harm.

What now remains but to return? Alas! at the moment we contract a habit we forego our free agency. The remainder of our life will be spent in making resolutions in the hour of dejection and breaking them in the hour of passion. As if we were in some great sea-vortex, every moment we perceive our ruin more clearly, every moment we are impelled towards it with greater force. What is the event? Too trite to mention—we cut the knot which we cannot untie.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Jan. 19th, 1791.

(To be continued.)

An extraordinary act of desecration has been committed at Holy Trinity Churchyard, Stratford-on-Avon, eighteen tombstones, including stone and marble crosses, were thrown down, and several of them were smashed.

The Society for the Protection of Birds held a meeting on March 24, presided over by Mr. J. Colam, at the offices of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The rule of membership is that the ladies shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any birds not killed for the purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted. The Duchess of Portland is president.

The Governors of Wellington College, on March 23, at a meeting presided over by the Prince of Wales, appointed the Rev. Bertram Pollock, M.A., Head Master, to succeed the Rev. E. C. Wickham. Mr. Pollock is a grandson of Sir Frederick Pollock, formerly Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, and a nephew of Mr. Baron Pollock. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been an assistant master at Marlborough.

## A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Lockhart says somewhere that if we could read the history of a family it would be as interesting as that of a nation. M. Zola has acted on the idea, and written the fictitious history of a family, the disagreeable Rougon-Macquart. It may sound very scientific, but a sceptical mind must regard "Les Rougon-Macquart" as a mere playing at science. An all-knowing mind could predict what exact consequences, what combinations of character, would flow from this marriage or that; but outside broad lines, as of a tendency to drink, madness, and disease, human science can here predict nothing. The other Carlyles, Shaksperes, Burns's, Poquelins, were not very notable people. No human observer could have foretold the one exception in each household.

As perhaps everybody except myself has always been aware, there does exist one good family history, not a noble genealogy—of these we have many—but an examination of the fortunes which attended many brothers and sisters with their descendants. This is the "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," by Adam Clarke, LL.D. (London, 1823). *Everybody* has not read it, after all, for it has lain for seventy years in a public library, and yet I have had to cut many of the pages:

The history of the Wesleys practically begins with the Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, turned out of his parish on Black Bartholomew's Day (1662). He was a Dissenter, and eke a humourist, for he told his ejectors that the measure would cause many deaths. "How?" they asked. "Why, I must practise medicine, which art I do not properly understand." Now, his turn for Dissent blossomed again in his famous descendant John; and his turn for humour exploded in his descendants Samuel II., Hetty, and others.

Indeed, this remarkable kindred seems to have been meant to illustrate heredity, for whereas you generally find brothers and sisters only superficially alike and essentially different, the Wesleys steadily developed ancestral qualities. They had Nonconformity in the blood, and it would come out, with occasional "throwings back," or reversals, to Conformity. They had humour in the family, and "cheerfulness would keep breaking in" despite their melancholy. Finally, they were hereditary "Mystics," and, in savage life, would have founded a dynasty of medicine men or prophets. A peculiar development of this last trait, a "psychical" power over assembled multitudes, combined with the hereditary religion and moral excellence, made Wesleyism with all its fortunes.

The clerical son of old Bartholomew was Samuel. Brought up in Dissent, he fled from its courts, entered himself at Exeter, and, by extraordinary thrift and a little journalism, paid his expenses, he being a sizar or servitor. Naturally, he married a young lady who, at thirteen, had converted herself from Nonconformity to the Church of England. She was Miss Susannah Annesley; of a gentle stock, and a Jacobite, whereas her husband was a Whig. Partly by journalism, partly by writing epitaphs, nuptial odes, and the like, Mr. Samuel Wesley supported himself till he got the Rectory of Epworth. Here most of his very large family were born. The parsonage was twice burned down, and, as the children grew up, was haunted by Jeffrey, that noted bogle. Jeffrey first made an isolated disturbance when Samuel II., the eldest son, had a quarrel with his sister Susannah. This was nearly forgotten, when, in December and January 1716-17, Jeffrey filled Epworth with knockings, noises, and raps. It is true, as Coleridge remarks, that a new maid first heard the racket, then the new man, then the girls and the mother, then Mr. Wesley himself. But even Coleridge discards trickery, and attributes the phenomena to contagious hallucination. But sober, religious, witty, fearless people are not so easily hallucinated. The noises chiefly followed Hetty Wesley; raps echoed under her feet as she walked, and it is probable that Hetty was the chief medium. But they were all persecuted—especially Nanny, whose bed was "levitated" as she sat on it! There were intermittent disturbances till April 1717: Mr. Wesley's trencher spun up and down the table at dinner. Then the annoyance ended, except that Jeffrey still harassed Emily (Mrs. Harper) as late as 1750. Jack, the famous founder of the Wesleyan sect, was at school when those things occurred; he had, however, his share of the family gift. His horse being lame, he cured it by an act of faith! The crowds which listened to Whitefield were not convulsed, but John Wesley sent them into a kind of epileptic condition. Not till he had done so were any of Whitefield's audiences thus affected. Samuel, the elder brother, was at Westminster when Jeffrey was in his glory. Samuel continued the Jacobite and Church of England line—a friend of Pope, a friend of Atterbury, he was the wit and epigrammatist of the family, and opposed the enthusiasm of John and Charles. To Pope he addressed the curious lines which declare—

Thy fame with Nature's self shall end,  
Let future times but know  
That Atterbury was thy friend  
And Bentley was thy foe.

Unluckily, later generations have vastly preferred Bentley to Atterbury. Among the ladies of this large and excellent household we find Emily, a Tory, like Sam; but she marries a violent Whig. Like Emily, Mary lives in the poems of Hetty, the lively, pretty Miss Wesley, to whom Jeffrey

was especially attached. Susannah was "good-natured, very facetious, and a little romantic." She married a Mr. Ellison; their house was burned, and she refused to live with him any longer—no one ever knew why. At last he spread a report that he was dead, when she at once came to weep on his grave. Finding him in his usual health, she went off again, and never came back. The mother of the Wesleys educated them on the fine old system of "breaking their wills": she did not quite succeed, as all of them always took their own way. Susannah's way is one of the most remarkable. Poor Hetty's way was to break her heart for a lover whom her father would not let her marry, and then to marry a dissipated plumber and glazier. A lively, jolly little girl was Hetty, and her fate affects one sadly. She was one of the Muses of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the humour of the family shone more brilliantly in Hetty than the theology. She is reported to have been converted, in the technical sense of that word, before her death. Her sister Patty was unlucky too: she was engaged to a Mr. Hall, who, unknown to her, also got engaged to her sister Kezzia. Hall then returned to Patty, but her family, for some reason, thought she was to blame, and Charles Wesley wrote a satire on her which had all the virulence of Pope.

The guilt of incest and the curse of God

is one of Mr. Charles Wesley's amenities. The poet insisted that Kezzia could not—

Behold him in a sister's arms and live,

"him" being the faithless Mr. Hall. However, Kezzia not only did not die of a broken heart, but went and stayed for years with Patty and Mr. Hall. When the circumstances were explained, Charles Wesley relented; but he never liked Mr. Hall, who, from a curate, became "a Moravian, a Quietist, an Antinomian, a Deist, if not an Atheist, and a Polygamist." He was especially polygamous, and, in fact, a most abandoned and profligate impostor. After he ran away to Ireland with a mistress, Martha became a great friend of Dr. Johnson. When he expatiated on human misery, she told him, with much point, that he had always lived with the wits, not the saints, "and they are a race of people most unlikely to seek true happiness." "Such a family I have never read of," says Dr. Clarke; and for natural excellences he might, indeed, seek for such another family in vain. With all their merits, and the strange "dæmonic" powers of some of them, they also possessed a very rich share of human nature. As we read about them, we make favourites in the family. My own, I confess, is not Jack, who cast out devils; and wrought miracles, and was regarded "with an awe, as if he were an inhabitant of another world." I prefer Hetty and Sam, who said of the humbug Hall, "He appeared always to dread me as a wit and a jester. This is with me a sure sign of guilt and hypocrisy."

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The death of Sir George Prevost marks the close of an epoch. He was the last survivor of the writers of "Tracts for the Times." His contribution was not important, but for various reasons his personal connection with the leaders of the Oxford Movement was very close, and he was justly held in great esteem. Like Keble and Isaac Williams, he received practically no recognition in the way of preferment, though the Bishop of Gloucester made him archdeacon in the diocese sixteen years ago.

Archdeacon Denison's "Supplement" to his autobiography seems to be written with more geniality than might have been expected, for the authors of "Lux Mundi" are credited with "large ability, learning, kindness in purpose and in act, and recognised and unquestionable Churchmanship." But to the Archdeacon the New Criticism is "fuller of cause for fear than all preceding it." He approves of the classical education of women. "It is very comforting to see the way in which the Englishwoman is welcoming her public access to the treasures of old time and winning for her own all their beauty and their power."

Canon Cheyne has returned to Oxford from his trip in the East, and is about to publish a new book on the history of Biblical criticism.

For some reason not as yet satisfactorily explained, Mr. Gore is to leave Oxford, for a time at least. It is said that he proposes to take a country living. Nothing but weak health can long withdraw Mr. Gore from the front.

The Bampton Lectures, which Professor Sanday is delivering at Oxford, have been remarkable for their learning and candour, but nothing original or startling has been brought out so far. Dr. Sanday stands practically where Canon Driver stands, refusing to go quite so far as Dr. Cheyne.

The crusade against the Welsh Suspensory Bill is being carried on with great vigour. Dr. Belcher, of Frampton Cotterell, and local Churchmen put out a bill, in bright-red letters, which thus invited Churchmen to demonstrate: "Stop Thieves! Church Robbery!! Plunder of the Poor!!! Churchmen of all political parties, and all who wish to resist Church robbery and to preserve for the poor their ancient British right (enjoyed for 1500 years) of religious worship without money and without price, are invited to come and help to rout the burglars. Advocates of Church robbery are not invited." The handbill is, to say the least, intelligible.

Canon Knox-Little has once more shown himself the most popular of the St. Paul's preachers, drawing every day of last week immense crowds to the cathedral. He becomes more diffuse as he grows older, but as an orator to the people he has no superior in the Church.

Mr. R. F. Horton, the popular Nonconformist minister in Hampstead, goes to America to deliver a course of lectures on Preaching at Yale University. Mr. Horton's Hampstead congregation contains more than one thousand church members, and they contributed last year for religious purposes nearly £8000.



## LITERATURE.

## MR. ANDREW LANG ON HOMER.

In his very delightful volume on *Homer and the Epic* (Longmans, Green, and Co.), Mr. Andrew Lang lets fall an observation which elucidates the "true inwardness" of the controversy respecting the unity of the Homeric poems, and shows that, once having been mooted, it can never be allayed. The natural tendency of poets, as creators and constructors, he says, is to vindicate the unity, and of critics, as anatomists, to attack it. Hence the Homeric controversy is but a phase of the eternal conflict which must continue until all human brains are fashioned exactly alike—an effectual but much to be deprecated method of solution. Mr. Lang, as a poet, is naturally on the side of the poets, to whom he brings a potent reinforcement. Following Colonel Mure's line of argument, he produces sufficient examples from modern writers to demonstrate that similar inconsistencies to those so much relied upon by the critics exist in works of indisputable unity of authorship, and that this particular line of argument is thus worth very little. He also argues very forcibly against the theory of an Achilleid as the original nucleus of an Iliad. At the same time, he is obliged to admit a few certain, some probable, more possible interpolations; and he is not very explicit on one of the most interesting questions of any: whether, granting the substantial unity of the Iliad and the Odyssey severally, they can be attributed to the same author? Every detail, however, is most thoroughly investigated, and we can hardly conceive a more useful mental discipline or a more refined intellectual enjoyment than to read Mr. Lang's book along with Mr. Leaf's, or some other on the opposite side of the question, with Professor Jebb as *amicus curiæ*, Miss Clerke as referee on technical other than philological matters, and the original text above everything. Any such investigation would require an entire number of this Journal, and we must be content with briefly stating the aspect of the question that principally impresses ourselves. This is, that the operations of the human mind are much the same in all ages, and that, consequently, the genesis of the Homeric poems is probably not very different from that of other great popular epics. These have always been moulded out of material existing long before the period when they themselves assumed literary shape, and have owed more to the selection than to the invention of their ostensible authors. But, on the other hand, these writers' diction is their own; they have not reproduced the language and manner of their predecessors, but have treated the old songs upon which they wrought as a quarry to be worked out, not as a statue to be copied. If this cause be just, if the great epic poet does not weave but fuse, does not combine but recreate, the German theory of a multitude of fragments ingeniously pieced together falls to the ground. It does not follow that interpolations do not exist, or that the Iliad and Odyssey are not by different authors; we are inclined to think that they are, and that the writer of the Odyssey edited the Iliad, adding the last two books. But, however this may be, either the Iliad and the Odyssey are substantially each the work of a single mind, or they constitute an exception to the universal law of great epic poetry. There is another canon of no less importance in its application to the determination of the date of the poems. Every great work excites emulation and imitation, and that speedily. We hear of numerous cyclic poets starting into existence about the time of the first Olympiad; we hear of none previously. The conclusion is irresistible that the Homeric poems had been produced not long before. Mr. Gladstone and others, who would throw Homeric antiquity back, at most, to the time of the Trojan War, do not sufficiently consider that the national impulse towards poetry which could produce a Homer must have produced much else. It is impossible to believe that the genius of the age was summed up and exhausted in Homer, and that the three or four centuries ensuing bequeathed not so much as the name of a poet. This line of reasoning conducts us to the conclusion which we should have been willing to embrace upon the sole authority of Herodotus, that the Iliad and Odyssey were substantially composed about four centuries before his time—at a probable interval, we may add, of half a century.

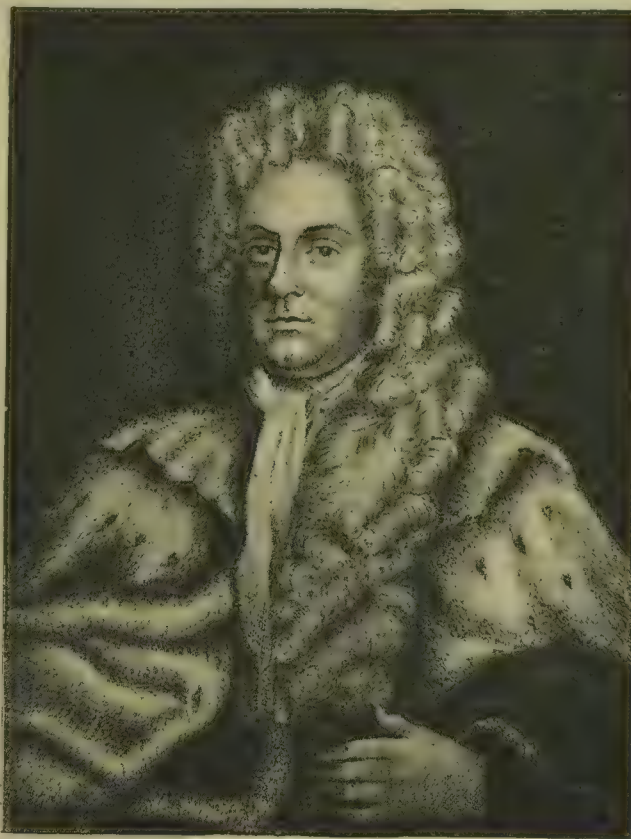
Mr. Lang reminds us that an almost entirely new line of inquiry, the archaeological, has been recently developed by the surprising discoveries at Tiryns and Mycenæ. He points out with what caution it must be followed in its present rudimentary condition; and we may add that even genuine discoveries do not always lead to infallible conclusions. Granting, for instance, that descriptions of objects hitherto supposed to belong to Phœnician art bear still greater resemblance to Egyptian work, it by no means follows that the Egyptian and not the Phœnician were the objects in the poet's mind. The subject is far too extensive to be treated here, but we may venture three detached remarks. The shield made by Hephestus for Achilles cannot be modelled upon anything extant in the age of Mycenæ; for the judges introduced into the design are not kings but magistrates, showing that the poet was living under a republic. The comparison of

the other shield of Achilles to the moon proves that the Homeric shield was round, or nearly so. Mr. Lang's remark that "popular scarabs continued to be produced long after the time of the monarch whom they chronicled" is elucidated by a precisely similar phenomenon in the case of American postage stamps.

R. GARNETT.

## A DUCAL ADVENTURER.

*The Princely Chandos.* By J. R. Robinson. (Sampson Low and Co.)—James Brydges, Earl of Carnarvon and first Duke of Chandos, was a lucky man. The foundation of his fortunes was his appointment as Paymaster-General in 1705. In this capacity he seems to have embezzled about three millions sterling of the public money. It was the custom of the Paymaster-General in those times, and long afterwards, to help himself. Henry Fox is believed to have made excellent use of his opportunities in the same office; but nobody robbed the national exchequer so thoroughly and so systematically as James Brydges. His accounts were the subject of an inquiry directed by the House of Commons, but Brydges was an astute man who had made friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, and the inquiry, which lasted an unconscionable time, came to nothing. No legal case against the embezzler was made out, and in a time when every official's hand was in the public purse there were plenty of excuses for Brydges, who was not parsimonious. If he stole his money, he



James Brydges.  
First Duke of Chandos.

spent it freely, and that was a sure passport to popular affection. Nobody was surprised when he built a huge palace at Canons out of his plunder, and Pope, who ridiculed the taste displayed in this outlay, soon discovered that the "princely" and "magnanimous" Chandos had too many friends to be made the sport of public criticism. In his mean-spirited way, Pope grovelled before the man he had satirised with perfect justice, for there is nothing whatever in Mr. Robinson's description of Canons, or in the catalogue of its spendthrift owner's effects, to show that he had any great pretensions to culture. The successful pillager of public funds became a gambler, a speculator in bubble companies. He made and lost a large sum in the notorious South Sea scheme, buying and selling stocks as freely as he bought and sold pensions and offices in the public service. "True to those principles of magnificence which guided his life," says his biographer, "he built a yacht." He cared nothing for letters, but had some ambition to be a patron of music, and appointed Handel director of the orchestra at Canons. When he died it was found that his fortune had shrunk to insignificance; his palace was razed to the ground and sold as building materials, and his successor was both commonplace and impoverished. This account of James Brydges appears to me all that it is necessary to know, but Mr. J. R. Robinson has compiled a volume of two hundred and forty pages, a work which he describes as "not only historically accurate and of use for reference, but generally entertaining." I do not dispute the accuracy, and the entertainment is considerable. Mr. Robinson is probably right in his boast that he has refuted "the erroneous rumour concerning the birth and social position of the Duke's third wife," who was reported to have served in a pot-house, and to have been bought by her ducal

admirer from an ostler. Moreover, Mr. Robinson has rescued from the oblivion of Mr. Brydges as a Parliamentary orator the exclamation "That's false!" which the eminent man uttered on one occasion. When he was made Paymaster-General, "his voice," says Mr. Robinson, with scathing irony, "was seldom heard in the House of Commons." He was too busy swindling the taxpayers. But the lapse of time mellows the sternest judgment, and so a biographer can write of such a man as Chandos, "The Duke's generous and magnanimous disposition stood him in good stead when deserted by the fickle goddess, Fortune." The generosity of an official who was in the habit of entering in his books payments to regiments which had no existence except on paper is beyond dispute. Mr. Robinson's book is certainly useful to the student of peculation in the good old times when every man had his price.

L. F. AUSTIN.

## A STUDY IN TEMPTATIONS.

*A Study in Temptations.* By the author of "Some Emotions and a Moral" and "The Sinner's Comedy." Pseudonym Library. (One vol. T. Fisher Unwin.)—Wit in literature is a quality so rare and so delicious that its presence tempts us at first to overlook the absence of all or any duller essentials. For the sake of the author's wit, many things were forgiven in "Some Emotions and a Moral," and many also, though not so many, in "The Sinner's Comedy." It is safe to predict that many things will for the same reason be forgiven in "A Study in Temptations," and certainly there are many to forgive.

The conditions of the short story are in some points akin to the conditions of a play. In both cases the details presented are necessarily few, and therefore they must all be of marked significance. There is room for nothing which does not tend directly to forward the matter in hand. Proportion, relevance, and connection, important always, become absolutely despotic. Unfortunately, it is precisely in these three essentials that "A Study in Temptations" falls short. Its first pages are given up to an episodic story which has nothing to do with the book. That the episode has admirable touches, or that its situation remains haunting the reader, is beside the question. We may admit, if we choose, that it is a gem; but it is a gem which has no business in its present situation. Not only does its intrusion divide the interest—always a suicidal error—but it also occupies space vitally needed for the development of the real story.

Moreover, the real story, when we come to it, is, in effect, two stories connected by the appearance of one person in both of them. Of course, there are hundreds of long novels framed—almost invariably to their detriment—on this pattern, and the method may, perhaps, be excused when the personage playing the double part is in himself the principal centre of interest. The story of the ass hesitating between two bundles of hay demands for literary purposes that the ass should be of more interest to us than either bundle of hay. Unfortunately, the young man who connects these stories by making love to a lady in each of them is far less real, alive, and interesting than either of the ladies. There is not, indeed, space enough for his due development; that has been occupied, up to page twenty-three, in showing how the mother of one of the heroines died at her birth, and how her father thereupon killed himself. This heroine is really a clever and charming young woman, whose cleverness we relish and whose charm we feel as we read. That her conduct is, at the same time, of almost incredible silliness is not, perhaps, any blot upon the book's verisimilitude; it takes a woman as clever as Sophia to be quite so silly. But the conversation which she holds with the vacillating "first gentleman," at their earliest meeting is surely a serious defect. We all know that first interviews are apt in real life to be uphill work, and to remain insipid. With heroes and heroines the "steepness" takes another form, and the insipidity is exchanged for point and personality; wherefore there is reason to be thankful that most of us are not heroes and heroines. No woman of intelligence begins in real life by expounding to her newest acquaintance her own quest after happiness and the intimate conversations which she has overheard between husband and wife. And if she did begin thus, surely nine men out of ten would be left with a firm determination to avoid that odd-mannered lady in future. The academic young gentleman of this story, however, is the tenth man—and is entranced.

And then, the grammar! Surely it is a pity that a writer so careful in the selection of appropriate epithets—so clearly endowed with a fine sense of the right word—should permit a singular verb to accompany plural nominatives, or should suffer any intervening adverbial convolutions to blind her to the fact that "whom" is appearing in the character of a nominative.

And yet, when all is said, we are tempted to pardon the bad construction, the impossible manners, and the lawless grammar, for the sake of that crowning grace of wit. How can one very seriously reprove a book when it contains sentences as felicitous as these?—"Lady Warbeck divided the human race into dears, poor dears, and persons"; "Women who possess what Mr. Joe Gargery called a 'master mind' like to manage men, but they like to manage other women still better: it is a greater triumph from an artistic point of view." "Miss Caroline, like happy Peter Bell, beheld but did not speculate." And these are not mere scattered plums; the pudding is full of them. If only "John Oliver Hobbes," having the priceless quality which cannot be imparted, would only take trouble to acquire also those other necessary qualities which can be in a great measure cultivated, and without which no writer can claim a place in the first class—nay, nor even a high place in the second!

(CLEMENTINA BLACK.





THE FIRST OF APRIL: "THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL."





"AN AMUSING STORY."—BY T. CONTI.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY G. SCHAUER, BERLIN.





The Globe at  
Banbury

Concord Bull at Rochester



## THE ORIGINAL MICAWBER.

This fresh and diverting character was, as we know, modelled directly from Nature; and Dickens, indeed, might have answered—as Sam did Justice Stareleigh—"I rayther think it's my father!" Sam was threatened with committal if he did not point his parent out; but everyone can point to Mr. John Dickens, "member of the Gallery," as the original of this sketch.

It used to be said that Mr. Micawber was a caricature, much overdrawn, not resembling anything we are likely to encounter in life. The truth is the portrait was an exact copy, and, if anything, fell rather short of the original. The delightful portion of him was not his odd, fantastic speeches and quaint formulas so much as the character, exhibited chiefly in odd views of pecuniary transactions: the essence being that an obligation could be satisfied by rotund and flowing phraseology, and the setting forth in a stately style his own indebtedness, as though he were proud of it.

As a letter-writer, Mr. Micawber, we know, revelled in such flourishes, and his most amusing peculiarities were exhibited when he found himself seated at his desk. In one or two places in his letters, Dickens, the son, has noted a characteristic speech or two of his sire, which might have been appropriately put into the mouth of Mr. Micawber. These parental utterances the son relished hugely, and even revelled in.

Messrs. Conway Noel, autograph dealers in Birmingham, have a few relics of this amusing personage. Among these is a fragment of a little burlesque, styled "O'Thello," written by young Charles for the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room. Its date is 1833, so it is fairly claimed to be the earliest scrap of the novelist's handwriting in existence. He was then only twenty-one years old. It is even more interesting from the fact that Mr. Micawber, or Mr. John Dickens, the sire, took a part in the little piece, that of "The Great Unpaid," who was "discovered at table on opening of scene." "The Great Unpaid" was, of course, the Duke of Venice, under grotesque conditions.

G.U.: Begin the business!

(Brab. rushes in and says: "Ruin! Confusion!")

G.U.: What charge can warrant such a gross intrusion?

Brab.: Warrant.

G.U.: You're not warranted

In making noise enough to wake the dead.

Tell us (first having made a proper bow),

What is the meaning of this precious row?

Brab.: Stol'n my daughter.

G.U.: Who has done this?

Brab.: O'Thello.

G.U.: Call the man in, and now command silence.

What can you say, Sir, in your own defence?

(Music: wait till he comes in, and music stops.)

Mr. Dickens, senior, presented this scrap to a friend, one Mr. Haydon, in the year 1842, endorsing it with much solemnity. "This page is from an unpublished travestie, written by Mr. Charles Dickens for private performance in his own family (1833), and it is in his own handwriting. 'The Great Unpaid' was your humble servant, John Dickens, Alphonson, 6 June, 1842."

I have never hitherto seen a letter of the real John Dickens to put beside one of the racy epistles given in the novels. By a rare chance, however, one of these documents lately came into my possession. Nothing more "characteristical," as Elia has it, could be desired, and I am certain all lovers of "Boz" will welcome with pleasure the epistolary specimen of this choice character—

34, Edwards Street, Portman Square, 14 February (sic), 1837.

Gentlemen—It has occurred to me that at a moment of some difficulty you may be willing to extend to me your obliging assistance. If not inconvenient, or inconsistent with your arrangements, will you do me the favour to deduct the Four Pounds I owe you from the enclosed Bill for £20 due 7th April, with four shillings, the amount of the interest, and let me have the balance, £15 15s. Do not suppose I ask this on any other footing than that of an act of obligation conferred on me, and I assure you, though small in amount, its effects to me are matters of grave consideration, because anything that should occasion my absence from my duties in the Gallery would be productive of fatal effects.

You may consider it an intrusion that I should apply to you in a moment of difficulty; and I feel it to be so; but, recollecting how your interests are bound up with those of my son, I flatter myself if you can confer a favor upon the father without transgressing any rule that you have laid down, and without inconvenience, you may feel disposed to do so.

I do not enhance it when I say that the favor, though small in amount, yet under the circumstances would be signal obligation conferred on.

Gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant, JOHN DICKENS.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

This is a richly characteristic production, and has the true Micawberian flavour. There is nothing better in the novel than the proposal of the bill. The writer, it will be seen, owes the firm four pounds, and he asks them to "do him the favour" to deduct this sum from the rather problematic bill, and then—what is the point of the whole—"let him have the balance, £15 15s."—a delightful method of discharging his debt and incurring a new and more substantial one. "A moment of some difficulty," and the "withdrawal from the Gallery," which would have "fatal effects," are equally characteristic. Notable, too, is the hint as to the paper in question not being likely "to be met," or "taken up"—for he throws out that it is "an act of obligation conferred on me": as well as the more significant hint that their "interests are bound up with those of my son." This seems to have had its effect, for we find the minutely calculated interest on the bill—"four shillings"—altered in another hand and in a different ink to "3s. 4d." A pleasant touch is the iteration of the point of "inconvenience" to themselves, as though this were the only objection that could reasonably be presented by the firm, who would otherwise, he assumed, be eager to honour his paper. The displayed flourish at the close—"signal obligation conferred on, Gentlemen, your obliged, &c."—was a favourite form of Mr. Micawber's. The letter is endorsed on the back "John Dickens, Esq.," in the writer's own hand, which seems mysterious—it looks as though it had been returned to him.

Fond as we are of Dickens curios, I doubt if there could be found any more quaintly attractive than this letter of Micawber-Dickens. As it hangs framed it seems to have a sort of vitality, to have flesh and blood. We hear the rolling accents and flourishes, the appeals and explanations to Traddles and Copperfield. "That bill, Sir, will not be met" has a new significance.

I believe there are no letters extant from Dickens to his father. But the same firm of autograph dealers are in possession of a small scrap, dated about 1838: "I will tell you further particulars of this inquiry when I have received (sic) your answer. I have scarcely a moment to spare, and can only add best love from Kate and the children to you, mother, and Augustus, and hope that mother reached home in safety.—Affectionately yours, Charles Dickens." This fragment was priced one pound, but we are assured that had it been complete it would have been worth a good deal of money.

There is a likeness of Dickens *père* in Mr. Kitton's interesting "Pen and Pencil" collection, where he is portrayed as a full-faced, dignified-looking gentleman. When Micawber was put on the stage many years ago, the part was rendered with wonderful roundness and racy humour by Mr. Rowe, long since departed. The familiar Ally Sloper's head has a suggestion of this presentment.—Percy Fitzgerald.

## MERAN.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE.

Once over the Brenner, we begin to "slope to Italy by green degrees," and soon descend into a valley, all one garden of vineyards and maize fields, flourishing like peas and cabbages.



THE SALTNER.

At Bozen a branch line turns up the Adige into the heart of Tyrol, where, under great mountain ribs, its former capital and famous health resort lies snugly ensconced about a thousand feet above the sea. From the vine-clad heights behind it, the position and recent history of Meran may be seen at a glance, when one has ceased to be dazzled by the blaze of sunlight upon what at first appear confused and incongruous groups of buildings. Against a steep hillside nestle the red roofs of the old town, extending itself in a smart new quarter to the deep course of the Passer; beyond that again stand the suburbs of Obermais and Untermais, that straggle away into a fringe of gardens, chalets, villas, and mansions, scattered among the lush green, under shelter of a ring of wooded Alps, rising here and there into granite or porphyry peaks, streaked with snow even in the height of summer.

Meran ought to flourish, having so many strings to its bow as a health resort. Renowned for its fruit, it may be looked on as the metropolis of the grape cure. This sounds a delightful doctoring, especially when figs and pears are added to the dose, as recommended by the faculty; and the show of fruit at the stalls and booths on the promenades almost



THE BURG.

tempts one to be an invalid after this sort. But even the eating of grapes, one learns, has its drawbacks, notably sore mouths, toothache, and some such sense of the vanity of human wishes as comes over the tyro apprentice allowed his run among the sweets of the shop. The dose begins with half a pound or so daily, and is gradually increased to six or even nine pounds, by which time one is apt to be sick of it. We are warned by no means to undertake the grape cure without consulting one of the doctors, who know all about it. But it seems that doctors differ here, as elsewhere, not agreeing on such important questions as whether the skin or stones are to be swallowed, and whether the mere juice will not do all the good of the treatment. They are only unanimous as to the necessity of eating grapes by rule and prescription; and some recommend such careful precautions in the matter that a sceptical writer has calculated it would take sixty hours to get through the maximum daily dose *secundum artem*! It is pretty to see so many people eating grapes for their lives; and the idyllic air of this cure—"tasting of Flora and of country green"—is marred only by the groups of greasy, hairy Polish Jews, gaberdined like Mr. Irving as Shylock, who form a more picturesque than pleasing feature in the scene. At almost any Austrian spa one learns what a part the children of Israel play in the life of Eastern Europe—in it, but not of it, for the seats on the promenade here affected by them are shunned by those whom a London Jewish organ has delicately termed "non-co-religionists."

Winter invites another class of visitors, in search of a favoured climate, of which, indeed, too much must not be expected. It is much colder here than on the Riviera, colder even than at Montreux, yet drier and sunnier, while skating may last for weeks or months. The great merit of the climate



CHURCH OF MERAN.

is a clear, still air, singularly free from wind and rain. Meran has only one wet day a week, on an average, and these come chiefly in summer. Storms may often be seen and heard rolling all round the heights, while not a drop falls in the valley below. Then, through the thunder, clangs from above the bell of some village church, calling on the devout peasantry to pray that the hail may not harm their vineyards and orchards. Terrible damage is sometimes done by storms and by the sudden swelling of mountain torrents. Catastrophes like that at St. Gervais would be no new thing in Tyrol; Obermais stands in continual dread of what an hour may do with the little Naif, so harmless-looking in dry weather.

Spring, beginning in February, brings the whey cure and the greatest number of guests. The Austrian aristocracy is now in force, and visitors returning from the Riviera help to swell the international concourse, among them some hundreds of English and Americans during the various seasons. Throughout goes on the *Terrain Kur*, so popular at present in Germany, which may be described as taking walks seriously and upon system, with the accompaniment of a diet *à la Banting* as a counsel of perfection. In all these treatments, Meran, being more German than Italian, takes itself very seriously; gentlemen are forbidden to smoke on the promenade during the *Kurstunden*, and ladies to wear long gowns, which might stir up the dust. A small Kneipp establishment—if that be not a too pretentious word for it—represents the latest fad of Teuton therapeutics, a return to the simple heroic practice of the old water-cure. Near the station, a



recent acquisition is a very good swimming bath, that, so to speak, must eat its head off, as far as visitors are concerned, for in the summer heats the place is almost deserted, unless by passing tourists and mountaineers, when the nucleus of permanent residents, even the faithful editor of the Anglo-Austrian magazine published here, betake themselves to more airy resorts, such as abound throughout the district.

The old town is very interesting, with a hint of adjacent Italy in its lines of low, sombre, somewhat unsavoury arcades, where are most of the shops, and its narrow alleys paved in the middle, that make such a contrast to the wide new streets and the lanes and gardened villas of Obermais. There are several ancient buildings with pious inscriptions, testifying to the religious character of the Tyrolese; even one with the date 1876 bears the motto, "Gott beschütze dieses Haus." Two houses in the Rennweg have tablets declaring them honoured by the examination and confinement, before his execution, of Andreas Hofer, that authentic Tell of the nineteenth century. Older historical monuments are the narrow gates of the town, its fine restored church, the small palace (*Burg*), also restored as a show, and the remains of the Zenoburg, another princely residence, looking down the Gilf ravine, through which boil the rapids of the Passer, and forming a striking feature in the view from the river promenades, with their gardens, whose exotic foliage testifies to the general mildness of the climate. Round Meran lies a ring of old castles, not only rich in the interest of history and legend, but, as the official guide-book practically adds, "for the most part with a Wirthshaus at hand, that the wanderer may not pine among all this lordliness." The first pilgrimage made will, of course, be to the

calf stockings seem to be giving way to the ungraceful, if convenient, leg coverings of prosaic modern life. The Tyrolese dress in this district differs somewhat from that of the north, the breeches not being so short, and making less display of brown skin. Not that all bare knees here are native. *Cucullus*

vineyards, among the green foliage of which the purple grapes are now ripening, while above, to the left, towers the ancestral castle of the Counts of Tyrol. The opening scene—a market in a Tyrolese village—is especially effective from the variety of old costumes, much more fantastic and gay than those now worn in Tyrol.

Of course, Andreas Hofer takes the principal rôle. We see him at home in his "Sandwirthshaus im Passeier," unfurling the old battle-flag, and calling his countrymen to arms, for "God, Emperor, and Fatherland"; we see him, after the victorious campaign, in the castle at Innsbruck, surrounded by the jubilant Tyrolese. Then upon all this short-lived joy follows the sad end. Andreas Hofer is taken prisoner through treachery, is conducted to Meran, is examined there by the French General Huard, and in the last act we behold him on his way to death in the fortress of Mantua.

"Hofer conducted to Meran" is a remarkably sad scene. From the orchestra sounds—scarcely audible—a melancholy strain of music. Oppressive silence reigns in the village, whose inhabitants begin to collect in groups about the streets. Melancholy are the faces of the women, gloomy those of the men, and all gaze expectantly down the street. Now a detachment of French soldiers, forty strong, clad in strict imitation of the old historic uniform, appears in sight, surrounding Andreas Hofer and his family. Hofer's head is bowed, and his whole mien betokens deep dejection, but firmness. Not a sound interrupts the solemn silence. But the procession has hardly passed when hundreds of fists are lifted in powerless rage, and threatening faces glare after the victors.

The two scenes "The Marching out of the Militia" and "The Return of the Victors" also deserve special notice. Several hundred men leave their native village for battle, "jodling" and laughing; here and there breaking ranks to take a last farewell of some dear one. Young and old—everyone who can bear arms—fall in. Wild and desperate these peasants look, with their fantastically decorated Tyrolese hats, their old muskets, rusty halberds, and scythes, some even with only a stout club; not less striking are "The Return of the Victors" and the fourth act, entitled "During the Battle of the Küchelberg," in which a continual cannon and musketry fire rings out along the Küchelberg, from those historic places where, in 1809, French and Tyrolese fell in battle.

The closing scene again leads us to the village, where the



STAGE OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, MERAN.

*non fuit monachum*—the kilt does not make the Highlander, we know. In the Austrian and Bavarian Highlands, also, a good many tourists are in the way of disguising themselves as "Sunday Tyrolers," but their unseasoned legs betray them.

While the grapes stand ripe strangers are not free to roam at will over the country. The entrance of little narrow lanes through the vineyards will often present a puzzling emblem, like a gigantic comb or an outspread hand projecting from a bunch of dry twigs, which is the local substitute for "No admission, except on business." Should this warning be disregarded, one may chance to find oneself confronted by a formidable figure wearing a huge head-dress of feathers and tails that gives him some resemblance to an Indian pow-wow, while, pipe in mouth, halbert in one hand and pistol in the other, he vaguely suggests a pirate of the penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured order. This time-honoured bogey is no other than the *Saltnier*, or guardian of the grapes, who stands forth demanding a modest fine of ten kreuzers, which the more amused than terrified trespasser will not stickle to pay, and retrace his steps to one of the hundred paths that still lie open for exploration through this delightful scenery.

#### TYROLESE NATIONAL PLAYS IN MERAN.

Although since the opening of the Tyrolese National Theatre in Meran, on Sept. 5, the principal German and Austrian papers have given full accounts of it, and hundreds of English people have visited the plays, nothing seems to be known of them in England. Still, their success has been so great that in all probability at no distant future they will be as well known as the Oberammergau Passion Play. Already the demand for tickets is so great that several hundred orders by letter could not be met for the last two performances.

Only the inhabitants of Meran and the peasantry of this valley have been admitted as actors. They are mostly the descendants of those hardy mountaineers of 1809 who, under their heroic leader, Andreas Hofer, vainly endeavoured to shake off the Bavarian yoke, and in many cases the grandson repeats the words, acts the deeds of his sire, with the identical weapons and picturesque costume used in the national revolution. For the play, written especially for the Meran Theatre by Mr. Karl Wolf, and entitled "Tyrol in the year 1809," describes that brave but fruitless struggle for freedom which ended in Andreas Hofer's death.

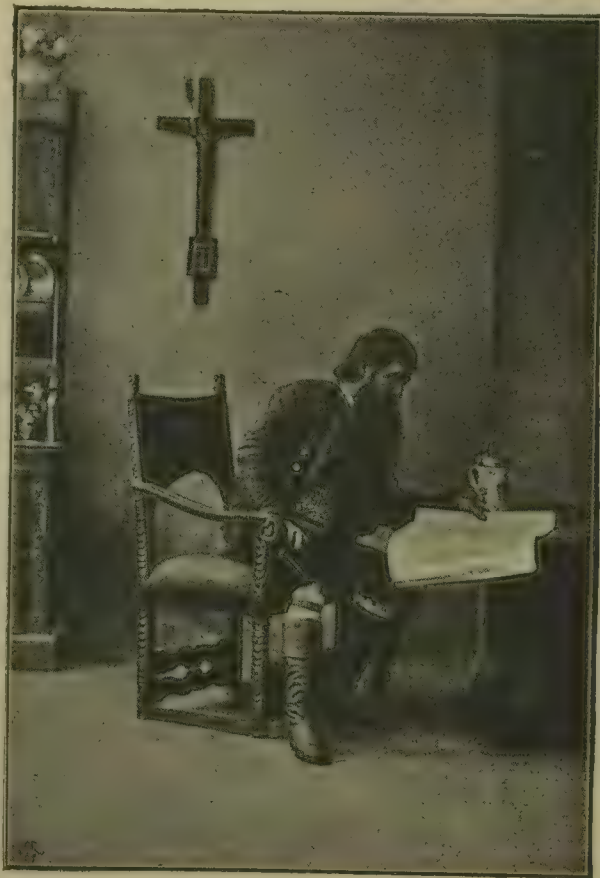
Following the crowds of people, who on Sunday afternoons flock to the play, along the pleasant country road, we soon arrive at the theatre, charmingly situated amid flourishing orchards at the foot of the Küchelberg, a spur of the high mountain range north of Meran. The structure is an open one, seating about 1400 people. The stage, an exact imitation of a Tyrolese mountain village, is planned much like that at Oberammergau, with room for four hundred persons. The accompanying illustration makes a more detailed description unnecessary. I will only add that the large peasant house can be opened, showing a spacious room, in which are acted all indoor scenes. But the background is the most striking of all—formed by nature itself. Nothing more picturesque and fitting can be imagined than the high mountains rising behind the village, their bases covered with



HOFER'S WIFE (BERTHA EGGER).

Schloss Tirol and its village, the core of the country, where an hour's steep walk ends with a grand view over the valley of the Adige.

As for excursions farther afield or within half an hour's ramble, one might be found for almost every day in the long season. Good carriage roads are few, but there is no want of winding, stony lanes fit for horses, donkeys, and the rude ox-carts of the country, nor of steep paths on which it is easy to lose one's way. Though a number of guide tablets have been put up, they are still not so frequent beacons as crucifixes and calvaries in this orthodox land; and a little more help of the kind were to be desired by the wandering stranger, for the peasantry, though friendly, are not expansive, and, with the rustic lack of sympathetic imagination, prove apt to take a good deal for granted in their incomprehensible directions. They are highly conservative as well as devout, clinging to their picturesque costume—the high pointed hat, with its jaunty plume and bunch of Edelweiss, the green braces and red-lappelled jackets, though among the rising generation breeches and white



ANDREAS HOFER (ANTON DECHRISTIN).

schoolmaster, surrounded by young and old, relates in simple but touching words the last hours of Andreas Hofer.

As for the acting, it is really remarkable, when one considers that only three weeks intervened between the first rehearsal and the opening of the theatre. From Andreas Hofer (shoemaker Dechristin) down to the least important rôle, all act naturally and easily, and each repetition of the play shows a marked improvement.





"PRETTY POLLI!"



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I was deeply interested the other day by the perusal of some remarks made by Sir Henry Mance, in seconding a vote of thanks to Mr. Preece, of the Post-Office Telegraphs, for the delivery of a presidential address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Sir H. Mance said that he was struck with dismay at the prospect of the increase of the teredo on our shores. That day he had seen samples of cables which had been recently attacked "by the insect or mollusc." The inference to be drawn from this fact was that Mr. Preece's advice should be followed in respect of surveying the bottom of the sea near coast-lines, by way of ascertaining whether or not the teredo was present. This "pest," he added, "had damaged hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of cable."

If the teredo is thus becoming a new foe in respect of its cable-attacking propensities, it may naturally interest us to know what the animal in question is. It is a mollusc and not an "insect"—that is to say, it belongs to the shellfish group, and is a distant cousin of the oysters themselves. I say a distant cousin, because, although the teredo possesses a pair of shells like the oyster or cockle, its shells are modified and altered, like its body, to suit its peculiar mode of life. Why people should call it an "insect" I don't know, save on the theory (supported by facts) that many persons are apt to call every lower animal an "insect," whether it has legs and wings or not. They speak of "coral insects," for example, though the coral animal is really a kind of sea-anemone which has nothing in common with flies and bees and the like. I suppose it is a convenient term this, which people will use; but, all the same, it is not only incorrect, but misleading. The teredo, then, is a mollusc, and from its general appearance receives the name of "ship-worm." This is because its "body" consists in greater part of the breathing-tubes or syphons which form its means of communication with the outer world, as it lies in its burrow.

The burrow is excavated usually in wood, by means of the shells. The young teredo begins in a small way, no doubt; excavates, by the rotatory motion of its sharp shells, a small burrow, and therein ensconces itself. As time passes and as growth proceeds the burrow is enlarged, the long syphons occupying the main part of the tunnel, and bringing in water and food to the animal, while they also get rid of the effete water which has been used up in the breathing process. It is this burrowing habit which rendered the teredo of old what Linnaeus himself called it—"calamitas navium"—but, now that our ships are mostly made of iron the teredo's proclivities are somewhat checked in respect of damage to vessels, although, as Sir Henry Mance and Mr. Preece show us, the molluscs have acquired a liking for telegraph cables. This is a new development of taste on the part of the animal, for, obviously, it is only yesterday, comparatively speaking, since cables came in the way of this enterprising and assiduous "bore."

But the teredo may also be regarded as quite an historic animal. Through centuries, while it has been "the calamity of ships," it has also been the enemy of Holland. The piles which support the dykes have on more than one occasion been threatened with destruction through the teredo's attack. This was, and is still, a serious matter for the Hollander. It was, I think, Napoleon who once swore that he would exterminate the Dutch nation with an army whose only weapons would be shovels. The letting-in of great waters would be, of course, equivalent to the wholesale inundation of the kingdom, but more insidious, and therefore more dangerous in its nature, is the attack of the shipworm, eating its way into the piles and causing collapse when, perhaps, such an event is least expected.

The spider, King Solomon assures us, taketh hold with her hands, and is found in the palaces of kings. This saying is endorsed, no doubt, by the general occurrence and appearance of cobwebs everywhere. Now, cobwebs form a not unimportant item in the medical armamentarium of the old women who are so fond of acting, on occasion, as practitioners of the healing art. As an application to wounds, for instance, to check bleeding, cobwebs are believed to possess a special virtue. If they possess any virtue at all I should say it is the virtue of ineffable dust and dirt—hence the modern advice to "beware of cobwebs!" Not so long ago, three or four cases of lock-jaw were reported as following on the application of spiders' webs to wounds. This event is readily explicable. The germ of lockjaw, as I informed my readers some months ago, resides in earth, and is just as likely to mingle with the dust which settles on the webs. Hence conveyed into the wound in this way, the germs work their dire effects.

But Inspector-General Macdonald, M.D., in a recent communication, puts the cobwebs in a still more unsatisfactory light. He says a microscopic examination of the webs reveals a trap for all sorts of considered and unconsidered trifles in the way of dust and germs. Colonies of bacteria, he tells us, may be detected in the webs, which, like delicate screens or filters, absorb anything and everything which floats through the air and settles upon them. After all, this is just what one might naturally expect. "Down with the cobwebs!" is a cry which may be re-echoed by every house-keeper, for the best of all reasons—namely, those of sanitary nature; although it is perhaps hopeless to expect that the old women will reform their tastes and proclivities in the way of using the webs in domestic surgery.

We have heard a good deal of late about the Anti-Crinoline League. The ladies have apparently mustered up courage to defy Fashion for once in their lives. I sincerely trust the monstrosity in question will be effectively checked in its development, if for no other reason than that cases of fatal burning are certain to come again to the front. But if an Anti-Crinoline League, why not an Anti-Tightlacing League also? If women can afford to defy one fashion because it is useless and ugly, why do they not boldly declare against a fashion which is far more harmful in its effects upon female health? But we are "getting on" when the ladies themselves protest against the dicta of M. Worth and his compeers.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W L K (Boston, Mass.).—Thanks for your interesting letter and the fine ending from actual play. In answer to your inquiries, the games have not been published, and have therefore no publisher.

G D ANGUS.—Very nice; but unfortunately those plagiarists our forefathers were too often possessed with precisely the same idea.

J S DAVIS (Brighton).—There are a great number of such collections. You had better write to G. Bell, York Street, Covent Garden, or to J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.

A G MUELLER (London).—Your amended version, together with the two new problems, were all wrong; but, by an oversight, notice to you was omitted. The diagrams were destroyed, and we cannot now recall the positions to show you where the faults occurred.

J T BLAKEMORE (Edgbaston).—We must trouble you for a corrected diagram, as we do not retain any in which we discover an error.

COLUMBUS.—Your problem is correct, but hardly up to our standard.

W P HIND.—Very good, and marked for publication.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2510 to 2512 received from W Allnutt (Tasmania); of Nos. 2515 to 2517 from O H B (Barkly East); of No. 2517 from S D Hill (Indian Orchard, Mass.); of Nos. 2519 and 2550 from W H Thompson (Teneriffe); of No. 2551 from P de L (Madrid), and W H Thompson; of No. 2552 from E H Whinfield, M A Eyre (Folkestone), E G Boys, Marlow, E W Brook, W H Thompson, Ashwell, John G Grant, E Emmerton, and Miss Isaac (Malden); of No. 2553 from Matfield, F O Simpson (Liverpool), Rev. C G Wilkinson (Wareley), G Witherspoon, J Marshall, E G Boys, Ashwell, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Marlow, John Hodgson (Maidstone), Z Ingold (Frampton), J R Betts, R Shirley (Scarborough), J M Kyrie Lupton, James Wynn, jun., A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and E W Brook.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2554 received from Charles Burnett, T G (Ware), T Roberts, A Newman, J D Tucker (Leeds), C E Perugini, E E H, H B Hurford, A W Hamilton-Gell, J Wynn, jun., J M Kyrie Lupton, J Coad, G Witherspoon, F J Knight, R H Brooks, H S Brandreth, W R Baillem, A S Horrex (Peterborough), Dr F St, W Wright, Shadforth, W P Hind, Alpha, G Joicey, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Joseph Willcock (Chester), Sorrento (Dawlish), Julia Short (Exeter), E Loudon, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R B (Plymouth), C T Fisher, L Desanges, Victorino Aoz y del Frago, Martin F, E Bygott (Sandbach), M Sharp, J Dixon, William Guy, jun. (Johnstone), M Burke, and T P Hopkinson (Hull).

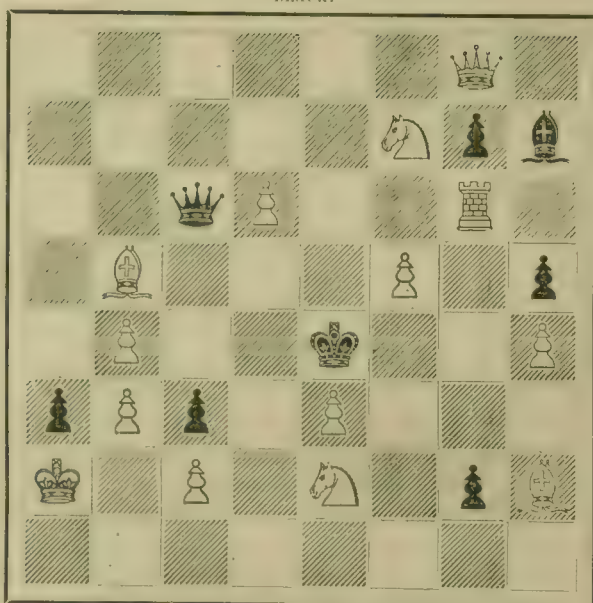
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2553.—By J. F. MOON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to B 4th P to R 6th  
2. Q to Kt 3rd, &c.  
3. Bt 1. Q to Q sq is another way of solving this problem.

PROBLEM No. 2556.

By X. HAWKINS (Springfield, Missouri).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Gambit Tournament of the Metropolitan Chess Club between Messrs. A. J. MAAS and A. H. STEWART.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. S.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P takes P  
3. B to K B 4th P to Q 4th

Black gains here freedom of action, which more than outweighs the value of the surrendered Pawn.

4. B takes P Q to R 5th (ch)  
5. K to B sq P to K Kt 4th  
6. Kt to K B 3rd

This move may be reserved, Kt to Q B 3rd being also good at this point.

7. P to Q 4th Q to R 4th  
8. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K 2nd  
9. P to K R 4th P to K R 3rd  
10. B to B 4th B to K Kt 5th  
11. K to Kt sq

One of the least satisfactory continuations in a difficult position. Clearly, Black intends to take advantage of the open K Kt file, and the Q P is very weak. Possibly Kt to Kt 5th or Q to Q 3rd may have turned out better.

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. S.)  
11. B takes Kt B takes Kt  
12. P takes B Kt to Q B 3rd  
13. Kt to Kt 5th Castles (Q R)  
14. P to B 3rd P to R 3rd  
15. Kt to R 3rd Kt takes P

An obviously sound and brilliant sacrifice, the opportunity for which seems to come naturally, owing to White's poor position. It must be remembered that, by the terms of the tourney, players were bound to attack and defend for a few moves according to a given rule. For this reason the game serves well as an illustration of the opening.

16. P takes Kt B takes P (ch)  
17. K to Kt 2nd P takes P  
18. R to R 3rd K R to Kt sq (ch)  
19. K to R 2nd B to Kt 6th (ch)  
20. Q takes B R takes Q  
21. K takes R R to Q 6th (ch)  
22. K to B sq Q to B 4th (ch)  
23. K to K 2nd Q to Kt 8th  
White resigns.

The University chess teams have had their usual busy week both as allies and opponents. They first played in combination, on March 21, against the City Club, when after a severe fight victory rested with their opponents with a score of 11 to 9. One interesting feature of this match was the play of Mr. Hart-Dyke, who is blind, but, using a board specially constructed, is able to hold his own with most ordinary players, and in this case was successful. The next essay of the joint teams on March 22 was a match with Sussex, at whose hands they again experienced defeat, the county being strongly represented. On Thursday, March 23, they met the British Chess Club, by whom they were decisively beaten by 9½ games to 5½. The event of the week, however, was the Inter-University match at the above-named club on March 24, when, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, the quondam allies met to try each other's mettle. The players and the score finally stood as follows—

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
Mr. R. G. Lynam (St. Cath.)	0	Mr. H. E. Atkins (Peterhouse)	1
Mr. G. A. Higginbottom (Pemb.)	0	Mr. E. Young (Corpus)	1
Mr. P. W. Sergeant (Trin.)	1	Mr. J. H. Percival (Trinity Hall)	0
Mr. G. H. Cooper (Oriel)	0	Mr. C. E. Campbell (Trinity Hall)	1
Mr. E. W. Pointon (Exeter)	0	Mr. P. Hart-Dyke (King's)	1
Mr. E. Lawton (Corpus)	0	Mr. H. J. Snowden (Queen's)	1
Mr. J. L. Secretan (Pemb.)	0	Mr. L. W. Lewis (Peterhouse)	1
Total	1	Total	6

On March 21 the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, opened the thirteenth annual Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition at St. Jude's Schools, Commercial Road. Mr. Courtney, M.P., and the Chief Rabbi took part in the proceedings.

The French Academy of Letters has elected two new members, who are M. Ernest Lavisse, an impartial and instructive writer of political history, and M. Challengel-Lacour.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Bonnets, though they are, perhaps, the first new thing that the feminine soul longs for when the bright days of spring turn the thoughts to new clothing to match, are, nevertheless, the most difficult to describe in good time. There is probably no article of attire in which our individual judgment is so fully exercised as in the choice of headgear. It is one in which much latitude of taste is permitted without exciting comment, and it is also the point above all others in which the looks of the wearer must be carefully studied to obtain a satisfactory result. Hence it often happens that a new shape or style is invented and put on view by good milliners, and yet is never worn. It turns out not to suit any considerable proportion of women's faces, or, for some reason, it offends the average Englishwoman's taste, and the wonderful attempt sinks silently into the forlorn limbo of failure.

Thus, it is risky to prophesy about millinery. But there are already some things pretty certain. One is that the big-brimmed or "Empire" bonnets, which some of the smaller fashion papers appear to have only just discovered, are really quite out of fashion. The prevailing idea of the new spring fashion in millinery is *width*. This is the "corollary," as Euclid says, of wide skirts. All other things must be widened to match a wide skirt, or the top becomes absurdly tiny-looking in proportion to the lower part of the figure. Thus, the bonnets are mostly themselves being made tight-fitting to the head, but trimmed at the two sides; or, alternatively, are tolerably wide in shape and trimmed across the full width. A favourite trimming at this moment is a bit of accordion-pleated lace, drawn together as though into a bow in the middle so as to spread up at either hand, a small buckle generally keeping down the centre. But this is just the sort of thing that is likely to become common soon. An equally simple but more *chic* new way of trimming is to set several detached bunches of flowers on the hat or bonnet. Thus, a smart model at Messrs. Jay's was of rather coarse white straw, the front slightly turned up to form a brim, which was depressed in the exact centre. At either side of this valley there was set a neat and close bunch of violets, the stalks being visibly turned up at the back of the flowers. The shape was almost square, and the back was trimmed precisely like the front, so that you might put it on almost as well one way round as the other; the two little clusters of violets appeared at each side at the back also, and the only other trimming on the shape was a few sprays of violet leaves uniting the two sets of bunches of flowers; strings of violet velvet. Another Paris model, brought to Regent Circus only to be reproduced in darker tones, was in the original of white straw: a flat shape fitting close to the head, trimmed by a series of bunches of most natural-looking cherries set at intervals all round. The rest of the trimming consisted of a big flat bow of violet velvet across the centre of the crown, fixed by two large-headed jet pins stuck in so as to project to some extent.

Hats are somewhat the same in regard to trimmings, but so far from being close-fitting they are huge in circumference, and will be worn rather back on the head. A great black chip hat was trimmed with three clusters of flowers, just the simple and carelessly put together sort of bunches that are thrown about at the Nice Carnival. One bunch was Czar violets, another was of cowslips, violets, and primroses intermixed, and the third was of auriculas and the other flowers named prettily arranged. These constituted the entire trimming. Feathers are, however, a good deal used. One of Messrs. Jay's hats in yellow Tuscan straw was trimmed with black feathers and satin ribbon. The shape dipped down in the centre, and was lined along the front with a bow of black satin, the centre of which came just to the middle of the dip, while the sides spread open following the shape. Above the brim rose two tall feathers, one well at each side of the centre. Two similar feathers, but more drooping, were seen at the back, together with a bow of satin.

Some of the new capotes carry the tendency to wide arrangement of trimming so far as to have positively a drooping arrangement of some sort placed so as to fall above the ears of the wearer when the bonnet is on the head. This greatly increases the apparent width of the head, but it is a thing which needs to be done with discretion, or it would be absurd. It usually amounts to no more than a slight droop there, the shape bowing downwards a little from the squareness and close-fitting line that it maintains along the rest of the side of the head. But in one *chic* bonnet there was a pendant at that spot at each side. The shape was of gold wire braid, curiously intermingled into a close network, and it sat square and perfectly tight to the head. The trimming was a small cluster of tea-roses set at either point of the exact front, and the same flowers were carried across the back, the shape was edged all round with tiny seed pearls, but at the ears these pearls were formed into a dingle-dangle ornament, that, when the bonnet was on the head, almost touched the top of the ear. In some specimens there is a little fall of lace there, so slight as to be but barely perceptible, yet producing a change in the outline when worn on the head.

The Crown Perfumery Company, so well known for their many sweet products, have sent me a new perfume for the handkerchief, called "Matsukita," or Japan perfume. It is a refined and not overpowering scent, at first smelling not unlike some established favourites, but having underneath that a new and pleasant breath, a little like, and yet unlike, sandal-wood. This firm are going to send a case to the Chicago Exhibition.

A noble soldier of freedom was laid to the rest that is due after a long life of active service when my honoured friend Mrs. Emily Ashurst Venturi—sister-in-law of Mr. Stansfeld, M.P.—was buried in Highgate Cemetery on March 20. She was one of those who work so silently, and so completely veil their own personality, that the world at large knows but little of them; but, everyone working in the same causes knows that these silent ones are precisely those who are always to be trusted and are found ever ready. From the time that Mrs. Venturi risked life and liberty by acting as the messenger of Mazzini to his countrymen, down to the very recent date when she helped in founding the Women's Franchise League, her record was ever the same.



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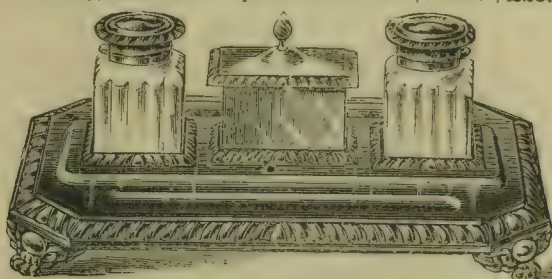
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## NEW MUSIC.

An excellent contralto song, entitled, "Ultima Thule," by Bervald Innes, reaches us from the London Music Publishing Company. It has an individuality of style which makes it particularly acceptable after the commonplace of the ordinary ballad. "The Firelight Hour," by Clifton Bingham and Mario Trannack, and "In the cool of the eventide," by Florence Gertrude Attenborough, both belong to the latter class. "Pierrette," by R. Wellesley, is a bright gavotte. "Florinda," by G. Augustus Holmes, is a well-written valse de concert. A word of commendation also may be given to a "Romance," for violin or cello with piano, by R. Preece, and a strongly bound book (Vol. 1) of "Favourite Airs for the Organ," arranged by Dr. W. J. Westbrook.

Mandolinists on the look-out for new music will welcome the publications of John Alvey Turner, who has just issued an exceedingly clear and comprehensive "Thorough School for the Mandoline," by Herbert J. Ellis, which cannot be too highly recommended. Good pieces which should not present any great difficulty to the amateur mandolinist are the "Antoinette" gavotte and a pretty "Romance" by Josef Trousselle, "Alpha," a stirring polka-march by J. Aloysius Hoggett, and "Padua," a tuneful valse by Herbert J. Ellis.

We have received from Edwin Ashdown a couple of songs by Joseph L. Roeckel. "The Whisper of the Stars" (words by Shapcott Wensley) is not lacking in grace and tenderness, but "Sweet Summer" (words by Edward Oxenford) has not much charm. A "Valse" for pianoforte, by Edward German, is brilliant, albeit not difficult, and "An Album Leaf," by the same composer, is extremely pretty and tuneful. A set of fourteen pieces, entitled "Pictures from Abroad," by Maud Valérie White, are full of character, and should be taken up by fairly advanced students. Eight pieces, by I. Raghianti, under the title of "Petit Poème," are probably less difficult, while "Trois Morceaux de Salon," from the same pen, are easier still, and more within the reach of young performers. "Three Characteristic Dances," by Frederic Mullen, are well written, and other pianoforte pieces worthy of note are "Scherzino," "Valse Hongroise," and "Intermezzo," by Ignace Gibsone.

A third set of "Twelve Songs," by Frederic H. Cowen, has recently been published by Joseph Williams. These songs are fair specimens of the talented composer's style, and belong to the higher order of lyrics with which he has enriched the repertory of modern English songs. "At the mid hour of night" is beautiful in its refined simplicity and tender feeling; "A Past Springtime" has an ear-haunting melody with a rippling accompaniment; and of the rest we like best, perhaps, the happy brightness of "A Bride Song" and "A Birthday." The book may be had either for low or high voices. From the same firm comes a clever "Andante" in F, for organ, by Frank Swinford.

"Our Voices, and How to Improve Them," by a lady, published by Willecks and Co., is a valuable little book,

well written and clearly expressed, and amateurs will benefit by reading it through carefully. "The Song of a Sailor" is a breezy sea-song by Harold Oakley. "Little Miss Simplicity," by Clifton Bingham and Frederic H. Cowen, is full of quaint and delicate charm. A. Valdemar's beautiful words in "At Heaven's Gate" have received justice at the hands of George Fred Horan, and violin and harmonium obligati add to the attractiveness of the song. E. J. Margetson's "Lullaby" is sweet and winning, and so is Lilius Green's "With the Light," the latter being decidedly above the average. "Three Songs" by Fred A. Keenic, can be recommended to mezzo-sopranos or baritones.

Of some interesting music sent by A. Hammond and Co., let mention first be made of a book of "Summer Songs," by J. E. Newell. They are six in number, arranged as duets for first and second sopranos; they are all well and attractively written. Students will welcome "Complete scales for the violin," carefully edited and fingered by Bernard M. Carrodus. "La Vélocité," a galop di bravura by Gordon Saunders, is effective and bright. Tolerably advanced pianoforte players will probably prefer a "Berceuse" and "Arabesque," two graceful pieces by Alfred Mistowski. A "Barcarolle" by Arthur Fisher is also melodious and less difficult. The attention of teachers should be called to an excellent book of "Complete Pedal Scales" for the organ by Charles W. Pearce, Mus. Doc., Cantab.

We select first from C. Sheard's newest batch a song from the pen of Pontet Piccolomini, in which the pretty poem by "Nemo" is founded on an old German legend. The music is pleasing, and the song altogether contains some effective writing. Lovers of the quaint will like Gerard Cobb's "Only a friend," Henry Pontet's "More or less," and W. M. Hutchison's Irish song, "So the folk say." "Happy lovers yet," by Stocks Hammond (words by John J. Wood) is a really delightful minuet song. The words of "An Old Refrain," by G. Hubi Newcombe, are perfectly matched in their tender sentiment by Ernest T. de Mattos' music. A highly coloured ballad is "The Arab's Farewell," by Marie Trannack, and the same composer is responsible for another good baritone song, entitled "Foes," words by Clifton Bingham. "The Song of the Bow," by J. M. Capel, is pleasingly written, and the same can be said of "New Life," a duet for soprano and contralto, by Adam Geibel.

In a miscellaneous bundle of music we find a beautiful and musicianly "Suite" for flute and piano, by Edward German, and "Three Pieces" for same instruments by Alfred Cellier, published by Rudall, Carte, and Co., in their "Flute-Player's Journal." "Carols," by G. A. Westfield and Fred J. Harper, is rather pretty, but why should it be termed "a grand song"? It is published by the Orpheus Music Publishing Company, from whom we have also "Land at Last," a semi-sacred descriptive ballad by E. St. Quentin, and "Taken by Storm," a good, stirring song by Odoardo Barri. A book of admirable "Lyrische Stücke," for pianoforte, by Charles Mawson-Marks,

reaches us from B. Firnberg, Frankfurt. A pretty waltz from the pen of J. Claud Loudon, is published by E. Köhler and Son. "Oh! come, love" is an attractive barcarola by P. Dotti, dedicated to Madame Melba, whose portrait adorns the title-page (C. Ducci and Co.). Students of the pianoforte will be pleased with "Home Scenes," which comprise nine exquisite little pieces by John Francis Barnett (Patey and Willis). A "Serenade," by L. Chiberti, is not free from conventionality, but is withal effective and tuneful (J. B. Cramer and Co.). A dainty ballad is "Marjory's Fortune," by Maynal Frewen and C. Roget Légure (W. Morley and Co.). "The Dairy-Maid," by Arthur F. Bare, is tripping and bright (W. Paxton). "The Rose of Lancaster," by W. T. Spain, is a taking schottische by published by Larfleur and Son. "All for each other" is the title of a good Masonic song (intended as a sequel to "Let brotherly love continue"), by Charles D'Ace, words by J. C. Manning. From the same pens we have "My mountain home," a souvenir of Craig-y-Nos, the home of Madame Patti, to whom it is dedicated. This is a well-written and pleasing song, and should succeed in its charitable object. The proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the widows and orphans fund in connection with the recent colliery disaster in South Wales. Both these compositions are published by the London and Provincial Music Publishing Company. "The Zephyr's Lament" is a simple, tuneful song by Brandon Thomas and F. M. Paget (Mathias and Strickland).

From the ever-ready pen of G. Jacobi we have a charming waltz, entitled "Up the River," which is already well known as being played in the successful ballet at the Alhambra. In "My soul was moved," Mrs. R. C. Dickinson's poetic words have received full justice at the hands of Hayward Aston: it is altogether a nice song (Lyric Music Publishing Company). We have received from J. Curwen and Sons a Christmas cantata for soli and chorus, entitled "Noel-tide," by Thomas Facer; and from Boosey and Co. the vocal score of "Ma Mère Rosette" and an album of "Twenty Songs," by Jacques Blumenthal. The latter are perfect examples of the highest class of German *Lied*, and are altogether full of musicianly and artistic touches. The English words are by Gwendolen Gore.

Professor Virchow, of Berlin, has visited both Cambridge and Oxford, and has had the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him by each of the two Universities.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., on March 21 laid the foundation stone of a lecture-hall and library which, by the munificent gift of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, are to be added to the South London Fine Art Gallery, Peckham Road.

The Royal Commission to consider the conditions under which an amalgamation of the City and County of London can be effected has been appointed. It is composed of five members—Mr. L. H. Courtney, M.P., as chairman, Sir T. H. Farrer, the Mayor of Liverpool, the City Solicitor, and the Town Clerk of Birmingham.

It does not often occur that what has been a man's misfortune during the greater part of his life should eventually result in benefits not only to himself but also to his fellow-creatures. The life of Mr. Beasley, the eminent authority on defects in speech, more particularly relating to stammering, is an exception to this rule. "Physician, cure thyself," would be a fitting title to a little book written by him on "Stammering: Its Treatment," wherein the author alludes to the fact of having cured himself of that malady after suffering for more than thirty years. This work may be read with great interest by all who seek knowledge of the subject, and will no doubt find its way and be a valuable addition to every library, where it will prove immeasurably useful as a book of reference. As a child, Mr. Beasley was remarkable for his fluency of speech, but an attack of low fever left an impediment which, although only slight at first, gradually developed until, as a youth, he had become a confirmed stammerer of the most inveterate type, his scholastic training having been a painful and laborious task alike to his instructors and himself. In spite of every effort on the part of his parents, who spared no expense in procuring the best advice and treatment which could be obtained, his case was pronounced hopeless and incurable, and in this pitiable condition he commenced life in the counting-house of his father, an iron-master of South Staffordshire; but the brilliant commercial prospects thus held out to him were never realised, but faded one by one before his inability to make himself intelligible. The spirit of determination and perseverance so heavily discounted in his industrial career enabled him to compete successfully with the first amateur sportsmen and athletes in trials of skill which required no talking, and in all manly sports he was considered one of the best men of his day. He will be well remembered by old Volunteers as one of the earliest promoters of the movement, as one of the champion rifle shots in Lord Bury's first English eight who competed successfully against Captain Ross's Scotch team for the Elcho Challenge Shield at Wimbledon in the year 1862, and the victor in many other competitions and athletic sports too numerous to be recorded here. It will not be supposed that a man of so much ability and force of character would leave anything untried to rid himself of so great a curse as his impediment had long been to him. Accident revealed to him what possibly he might never have noticed but that he had been for many years seeking a cure; but accident it certainly was which



MR. B. BEASLEY, AUTHOR OF "STAMMERING: ITS TREATMENT."

pointed out to him the first grand principle that must be inculcated before a stammerer can find relief; but it was only by dint of many years of labour, study, and research that he discovered and perfected the system of treatment for the cure of stammering which has gained him the distinction of being the greatest living authority on the subject. Having completed his own cure, the student became the monitor, at first only as a philanthropist; but so remarkable was the success attained in every individual case that he was led to adopt the cure of stammering as a profession. He thus became the founder of a system by which he has cured himself and a multitude of others of a most distressing affliction. And thus the early misfortunes of the subject of this sketch have proved a boon to the community at large, and led to the establishment of two institutions for the reception of pupils for treatment and instruction, at Brampton Park, Huntingdon, and Sherwood, Willesden Lane, Brondesbury, London, where young and old of both sexes who had thought their impediments were absolutely incurable have had the power of perfect speech restored to them; and many, whose lives might otherwise have been aimless and without ambition, have been enabled to enter the Church, the Army, the Navy, and the legal and medical professions.

One important feature in his system is that the education of stammering boys is carried on by a thoroughly efficient University tutor during the time they are treated for their impediment.

Boys at a large school, who stammer, are most heavily handicapped, and their lives often made unbearable through the thoughtless or wanton behaviour of their companions. In every school boys will be found who take delight in laughing at the afflictions of others, and stammering seems to afford them special opportunity for ridicule and imitation.

The stammering boy is often at the bottom of his class because of his inability to say his lessons, although he may know them far better than the others in his class.

Parents are often utterly ignorant of the existence of such a state of things, and boys of the right metal are unwilling to "peach" or complain.

It would be difficult to find a more striking example of the efficacy of Mr. Beasley's system than the founder himself, as will be well remembered by those who have had the privilege of hearing him lecture, or have read the flattering criticisms contained from time to time in the columns of our contemporaries.



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assail, are showing a more excellent way. They have just issued a large and handsome oblong volume of designs for furniture and house decorations, which is so tastefully bound, so well printed, and so lavishly and artistically illustrated, that it would well beset a place upon the shelves of any library. The large illustrations are exceedingly well printed in colotype, while the smaller ones are very soft and delicate half-toned blocks which, in execution and printing, would do credit to an illustrated paper. Pictures of tasteful interiors are always attractive, and in this catalogue we get a great variety of them in all styles of furniture and decoration. It is a handsome and even a sumptuous catalogue, as far removed as it is possible for anything to be from a mere trade price-list."—*St. James's Gazette.*

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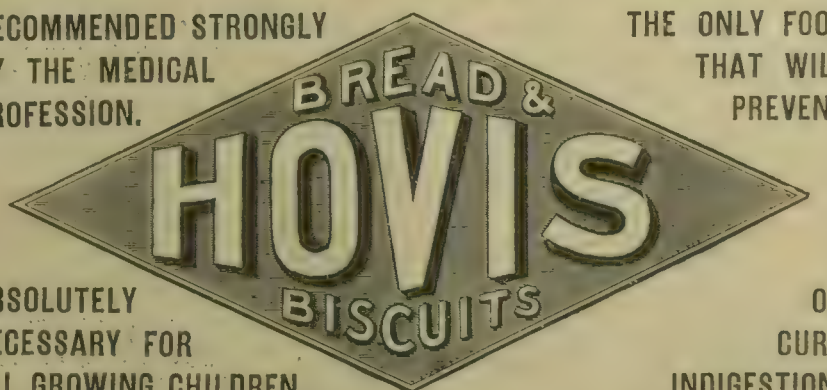
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## ART NOTES.

The annual ceremony known as "Show Sunday" was celebrated this year with the usual formalities. Chelsea, Kensington, and St. John's Wood received their customary tribute from the "free-tea" amateur critics, who regard the observance of this day as a part of "high life," or of art training. It is not seemly to speak slightly of the works of those whose doors have been so freely thrown open, nor would it be possible to make any useful comparison between the studios visited and their owners' chances of catching public favour. In general terms, it may be said that the most crowded studios were not those in which the most meritorious pictures were to be seen; and, further, that there will be a very strong competition between half-a-dozen of the younger men whose names have been mentioned in connection with the vacancies among the Associates. The selection about to be made must of necessity be to some extent determined by the artists' most recent work; and, consequently, we may expect to find some of the outsiders strongly represented in this year's Academy.

The annual report of the Director of the National Gallery for the year 1892 shows that the additions to our public collection were due to private liberality rather than to any lavish expenditure of public money. There is no reason to quarrel with the discretion exercised by Sir F. Burton in limiting his purchase (for £2400) to the specimen of Jan Vermeer, of Delft, for now the unexpended balance of last year's vote is made available for the present year, and he can count upon getting his annual grant of £5120 without any reduction or condition. There is, however, some cause to inquire why in the report of the National Gallery no reference is made to the trust funds for which the trustees are responsible. From time to time we learn that a picture has been purchased from the "Lewis Fund," the "Clarke Bequest"—or some other benefaction—but no account is ever given of the sums at the disposal of the trustees (or their delegates), and of the objects on which the funds have been expended. In this respect the trustees of the National Gallery seem to differ from persons holding similar functions on other public or semi-public boards.

All who are interested in that period of Italian art which produced, among its other great names, Luca Signorelli, the champion of delicate naturalism, will be grateful to the committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club for the opportunity they offer to study the work of this distinguished painter. Two fine specimens of his work are to be found

in the National Gallery, but in private collections he is seldom represented, so that the bringing together of seventeen out of the twenty-five pictures known to be in this country is evidence that Mr. Fairfax Murray and his fellow-workers have not performed their task in a perfunctory manner. The two fragments of a "Baptism of Christ," although only representing two groups, each containing two figures, are, perhaps, most characteristic of Signorelli's works, and bear comparison with the frescoes in the Cathedral of Orvieto, where the grandest and most perfect specimens of his work are to be seen. "The Feast in the House of Simon," the possession of which we may well envy the National Gallery of Ireland, belongs to another phase of Signorelli's art, giving a high idea of the artist's power of composition; whilst "The Flagellation," lent by Sir F. Burton, is a curious instance of the versatility of his aims and power. In this picture the elaboration of details rather than the story of suffering seems to have occupied the artist's attention. Of the three pictures lent by Mr. R. H. Benson, all coming from the Casa Tommasi at Cortona—Signorelli's birthplace—that representing the journey to Emmaus carries the least conviction to the mind, the attitude of the chief figure and the mode of planting his feet on the ground being so little in accordance with the general vivacity of Signorelli's work. The scope it attained and the remarkable fertility of imagination it displayed are shown by the interesting series of photographs from the originals at Monte Oliveto, Città di Castello, Rome, Florence, and Cortona, besides Orvieto, already named. Of all these, the most singularly beautiful is the "School of Pan," of which the original is in the Berlin Museum.

The Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition has now become an annual fête for the dwellers in East London, and, thanks to the indefatigable energy of the Rev. S. A. Barnett, each year is marked by the assemblage of a number of pictures which cannot fail to appeal to the hearts as well as to the eyes of those who visit them. This year (the thirteenth) shows no falling off in the liberality of those who have been willing to share with their less fortunate brothers and sisters the enjoyment of their art treasures. The range of the pictures is necessarily very wide, in order to suit all tastes. "A Holy Family," by Botticelli; a "Resurrection," by Perugino; and "The Good Shepherd," by Murillo, mark quite opposite poles of religious art; but, as a rule, pictures illustrative of our own or foreign countries, of daily life at home and abroad, occupy the greater portion of the walls. With Mr. Ansdell and Mr. Burgess the visitors of the gallery can visit Spain; with Mr. Boughton they can get a

glimpse of Holland; from Mr. Brett and Mr. Henry Moore they can learn something of the seas and coasts by which their island home is girdled; or by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Lady Butler, and Mr. H. O'Neil they can have brought home to them the lives of our soldiers and sailors. The most distinctive feature of the year's exhibition is the very complete collection of modern French and Dutch pictures lent by Mr. Alexander Young, including some of the most exquisite specimens of Corot, Troyon, Millet, Hagborg, Mauve, and Israels, and an almost perfect sunset by Rousseau, which for richness and delicacy cannot be surpassed. It would be invidious to single out special names among the various contributors; it is sufficient that both artist and owners have with equal readiness come forward to give point to the maxim, "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality."

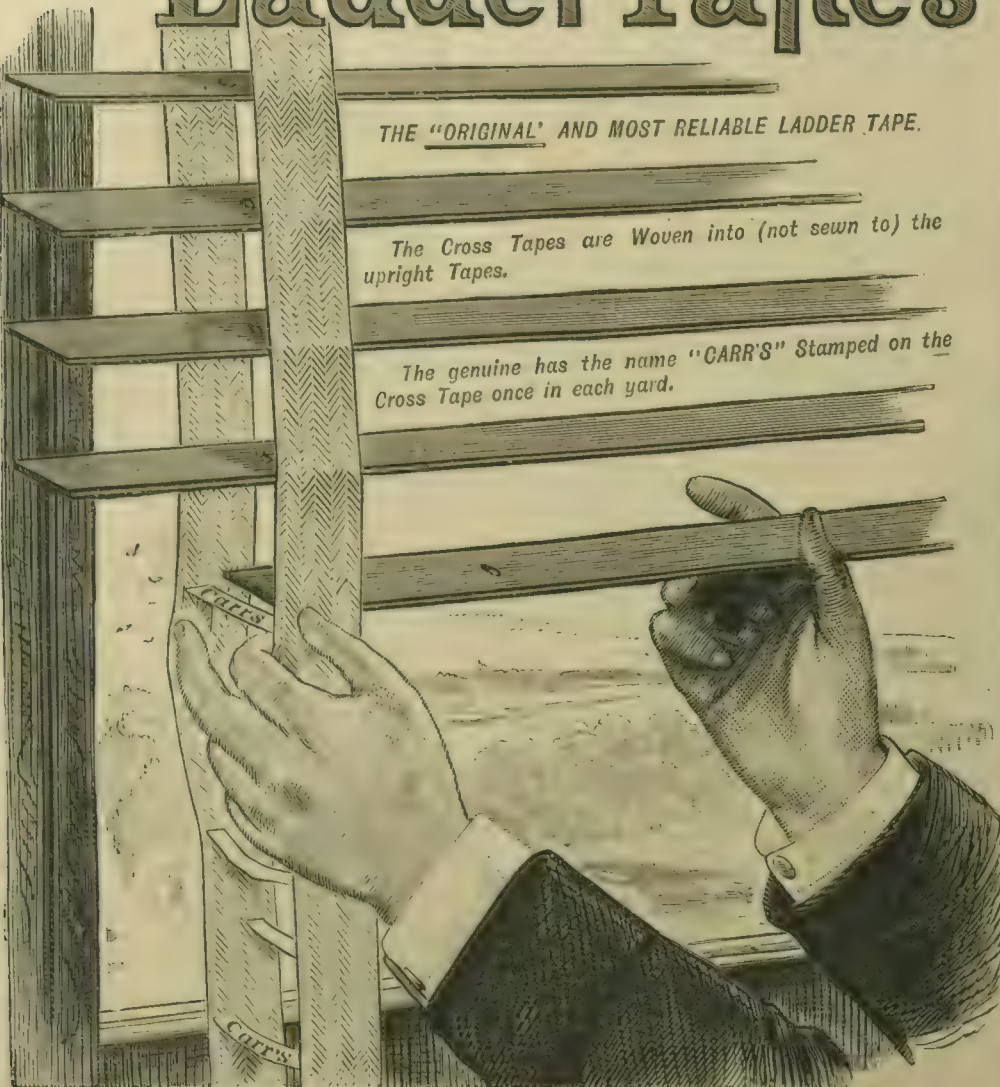
Had not the earnest-minded followers of Dr. Ignatius Donnelly accepted without a smile of suspicion "The Mortal Moon; or, Bacon and his Masks," we should have been tempted to regard this last "development" of the Baconian theory as a ponderous attempt to throw ridicule upon the group of quaint critics upon Shakspeare. Mr. J. E. Roe, of the Rochester Bar, N.Y., however, is obviously a serious person, and he is evidently astonished at the moderation of his friends in claiming for Lord Bacon the authorship of only the Shaksperian plays and sonnets. "Bacon, the author of Crusoe and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' his crowning seventh-day work for the good of man" marks the real limit of the labours of the Lord Keeper. By means of those sorely tried and much-twisted Sonnets, through the "noted so-called manuscript collector of the Defoe period, Sir Robert Harley," we are invited by Mr. Roe to realise the part played by Bacon in bringing about the English Revolution, and "the overthrow of the Scotch line from the English throne." The wording of this new theory of English politic history is not quite in accordance with the Baconian style; but possibly in the 605 pages (cloth, price \$2.00) the author has found it advantageous to adapt his style to the various moods of his prolific hero. "The literary drama of an entire age, yet to be known as Bacon's 'Poetic Commonwealth of the Defoe Period,'" could not probably have been developed in a shorter space, and one therefore fears that Mr. Roe's light runs a fair risk of being extinguished under its own candlestick. If only the author had had either a sense of humour or a desire for publicity he might, by the exercise of a little self-restraint, have reduced his theories to a readable size, and, by some happy stroke of luck, a reference might in future ages have been obtained for it in a new "Budget of Paradoxes."

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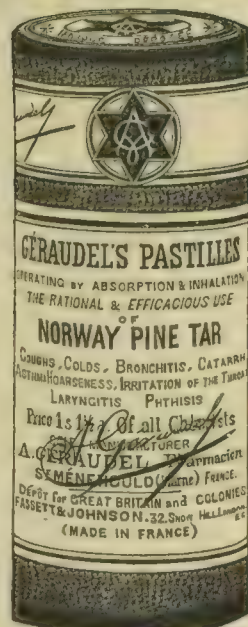
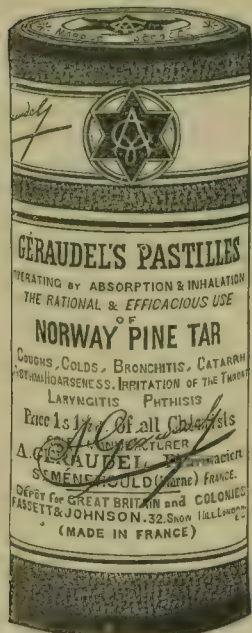
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1890), with five codicils (dated Oct. 21 and Nov. 6, 1890; Feb. 4 and April 15, 1891; and April 12, 1892), of the Rev. Samuel Paynter, formerly of Stoke Hill House, near Guildford, afterwards of 13, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, and late of 4, Marlborough Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 15 by the Rev. Francis Paynter, the son, Henry Hamilton, and John Paynter Hamilton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £110,000. The testator gives Stoke Hill house and grounds to his said son, for life, and then to his widow for her life, both conditionally on their residing there; his leasehold messuage, Little Heverswood, Brasted, Kent, and £1600 per annum, for life, to his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Lloyd; his residence, 4, Marlborough Gate, and all his books, sculpture, pictures, and household furniture and effects to his son, the said Rev. Francis Paynter; £700 per annum to his executor and agent, Mr. Henry Hamilton; and liberal legacies to servants, lat. clerk, and others. There are also annuities to his grandchildren, who are eventually to come into his residuary estate, until the period of distribution. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, for life, then to pay £2000 per annum to his widow while unmarried, and £1000 per annum if she marries again, and, subject thereto, his residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for the children of his said son by his present wife, and the two sons of his daughter, Mrs. Lloyd, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 26, 1889) of Mr. Henry Gore Chandless, late of 19, Cambray, Cheltenham, barrister-at-law, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on March 16 by William Chandless, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £109,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to the children of his late niece Harriet Fitzpatrick and Mary Gream, and of his niece Floretta Bradshaw; an annuity of £84 to his landlady, Mrs. Ann Bastin, and one of £75 to his servant, Thomas Jones, both charged on his property in Threadneedle Street; and £50 to Dr. Frederick Smith, so that when he is supposed to be dead he will perform an operation to prove same. The residue of his property he gives to his said nephew, William Chandless.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and codicils (dated respectively Oct. 18, 1851; Feb. 28, 1887; and April 24, 1891) of Mr. Charles Morton, Writer to the Signet, of 19, York Place, Edinburgh, residing at Broadlands Lodge, 11, Palmerston Road, in the same city, who died on Dec. 24, granted to John Usher and seven others, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 9, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £60,000.

The will (dated June 14, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2, 1889), of Miss Edith Carlile, late of Stockport, Cheshire, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on March 8 by

John Andrew and James Hibbert, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £62,000. The testatrix gives her household furniture and effects to her relative, Betsy Andrew, and £5000, upon trust, for her; her farm, lands, and cottages at Mottram, Cheshire, to John Andrew, the brother of the said Betsy Andrew; and one or two other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for all the children (including the said Betsy and John) of her relative, John Andrew.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1892), with a codicil (dated Jan. 26, 1893), of Miss Fanny Bouverie, late of Coleshill Vicarage, Berks, and of Ringmore St. Nicholas, near Teignmouth, Devon, who died on Feb. 19, at Fareham, Southampton, was proved on March 10 by the Rev. Richard Winstanley Allsopp and Thomas Edward Jennings, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to St. Mary's Home, Wantage; £1000 to be invested in the English Government Funds, the income to be applied at Christmas by the vicar of the parish of Coleshill, at his discretion, for the benefit of the poor of the said parish; £700 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £300 to the Dogs' and Cats' Home; £4 per annum to be provided for the care and maintenance of her cat, Dick; £4000 to her cousin, Edward Stephen St. John Mildmay; £2500 to Mrs. Catherine Carter; and very numerous legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. The residue of her property she gives to the said Rev. Richard Winstanley Allsopp.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1890), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1893), of Mr. William Ashley Clayton, late of Dawson Place, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on March 14 by Francis Dobson Lowndes and John Merrett Wade, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. After making some bequests to his daughters and to sons of his two deceased sons, the testator leaves the residue of his property to his three surviving sons.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1870) of Miss Emily Barclay, late of Rokefield, near Dorking, who died on July 7, was proved on March 4 by Miss Juliana Elizabeth Barclay, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all her real and personal estate to her said sister absolutely for her own use and benefit.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 18, 1884) of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Lindesay, formerly of the 63rd Regiment, late of 8, Brandon Street, Edinburgh, who died on Jan. 30, granted to David Wemyss Lindesay, the brother, and Miss Charlotte Rennie, the niece, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £22,000.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1880) of Miss Helen Farquhar,

formerly of 16, Melrose Gardens, West Kensington Park, and late of Ebenezer, Princes Road, Bournemouth, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on March 14 by Colonel Harry Rich Farquhar, the nephew, and George Holman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to George Müller, of Bristol, for his new orphan houses, and £500 to him for his Scriptural Knowledge Institute; £300 to the London City Mission; £200 each to the East-End Training Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, the Stockwell Orphanage for Boys and Girls, Clapham Road, and the China Inland Mission; £100 each to the Orphans' Home, South Street, West Square, Southwark, the London Medical Mission, the Spitalfields Gospel Mission, and to Mrs. Ginever for orphan work, and many other legacies. The residue of her estate she leaves to her sister Rachel Susan Cook.

The will of Miss Charlotte Leycester, late of 19, Wilton Crescent, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 14 by Rafe Oswald Leycester and Ernest Gerard Leycester, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8596.

The Castle of Vallö, a convent for noble ladies of the Roman Catholic religion in Denmark, a building three hundred years old, situated near Kjööge, in Zealand, was completely destroyed by fire on March 21. Several of the nuns had a narrow escape. The library, a valuable collection of books, was consumed, also many old paintings. The sacramental plate was saved.

The Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom held its thirty-third annual meeting on March 21, and next day at the Hôtel Métropole. Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., presided, and the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, took part in the proceedings. Seventy-nine Chambers of Commerce are connected with the association. There was a discussion on the question of railway rates for goods traffic. Mr. Mundella would only express the opinion that the companies had made a great mistake when, at a time of severe commercial and agricultural depression, they attempted to raise the cost of transport. Resolutions were agreed to in favour of maintaining British interests in Uganda, of arbitration in commercial disputes, of the permanent localisation of the administration of justice, and of the creation of a special tribunal to deal with railway rates. A motion favouring trade reciprocity with Canada was not carried. It was resolved that limited liability companies ought to be compelled to notify to the Registrar, annually, the amount of their debentures and mortgages, under penalty of a Government prosecution. Other resolutions were passed concerning the registration of assignments of book debts, after the manner of bills of sale, and of mortgages of fixed plant and machinery; the making of deeds of arrangement binding on a minority of one-fourth the creditors, the limitation of distraint for rent, and the protection of trade-marks. The autumnal meeting will be at Plymouth.

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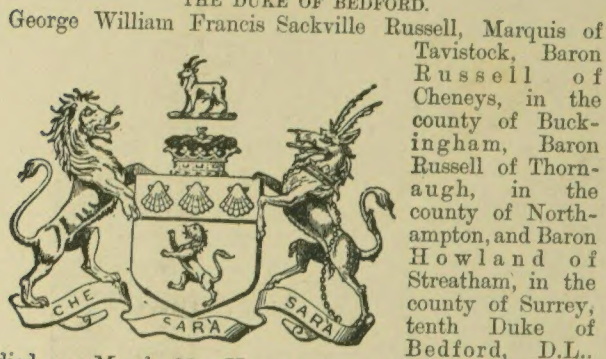






## OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.



George William Francis Sackville Russell, Marquis of Tavistock, Baron Russell of Cheneys, in the county of Buckingham, Baron Russell of Thorn-augh, in the county of Northampton, and Baron Howland of Streatham, in the county of Surrey, tenth Duke of Bedford, D.L., died on March 23. He was born April 16, 1852, and married, Oct. 24, 1876, Lady Adeline Marie Somers-Cocks, second daughter and co-heiress of Charles Somers, third Earl Somers. He succeeded his father, the ninth Duke, on his decease, Jan. 14, 1891. His Grace represented the county of Bedford in the House of Commons from 1875 to 1885. He was Chairman and Alderman of the Bedford-

shire County Council. He is succeeded by his brother, Herbrand Arthur Russell, who was born Feb. 19, 1858. The new Duke was formerly a lieutenant of the Grenadier Guards, and acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Dufferin, when the latter was Viceroy of India. He married, Jan. 30, 1888, Mary, daughter of the Ven. W. H. Tribe, Archdeacon of Lahore, and has one son.

SIR JOHN MASSEY [STANLEY] ERRINGTON, BART.

Sir John Massey Errington, of Hooton, in the county of Chester, twelfth baronet, died on March 19. He was the third son of Sir Thomas Massey Stanley and was born in 1810. He married in 1841, Maria, only daughter of Baron de Talleyrand, and succeeded his brother, Sir Rowland Errington, in the baronetcy March 31, 1875, and assumed the surname of Errington in lieu of Stanley in 1876. The elder branch of the house of Stanley was represented by him; the younger branch of the Stanley family is represented by the Earl of Derby.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Septimus W. Sibley, for ten years Lecturer on

Pathology at the Middlesex Hospital, finally attaining to a large practice in Harley Street. He wrote an important work on the statistics of cancer. He was sixty-two years old.

Edhem Pasha, formerly Turkish Ambassador in Vienna.

The Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, Professor (Emeritus) of Christian Morals in Harvard University, for some time editor of the *North American Review*.

Sir George Findlay, the general manager of the London and North-Western Railway since 1874, on March 26, aged sixty-four.

Mr. Thomas Wingham, a composer of much merit, and a professor at the Royal Academy and Guildhall School of Music, on March 25, aged forty-seven.

Lady Day, wife of Mr. Justice Day, on March 26.

Sir Elliot Charles Bovill, Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements, recently, aged forty-five.

Sir Henry Robinson, who was Poor-Law Inspector and Local Government Inspector from 1848 to 1876, aged seventy.

Mr. James Hutton, for some years editor of the now defunct *Leader*, aged seventy-five.

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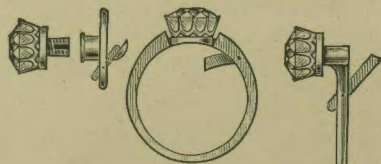
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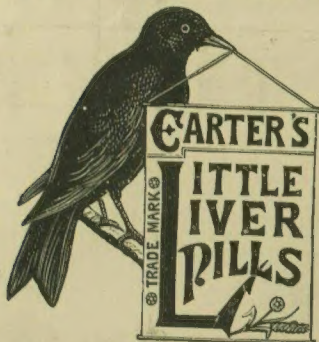
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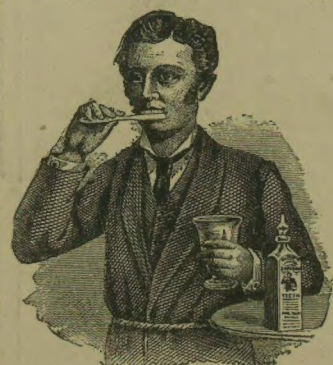
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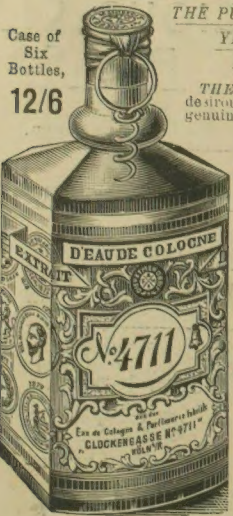
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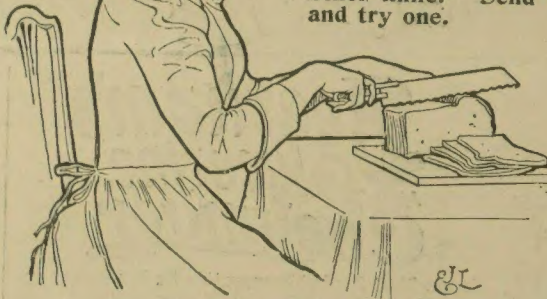
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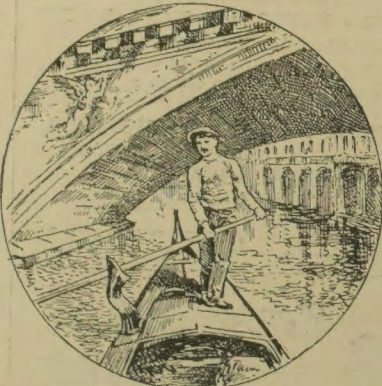
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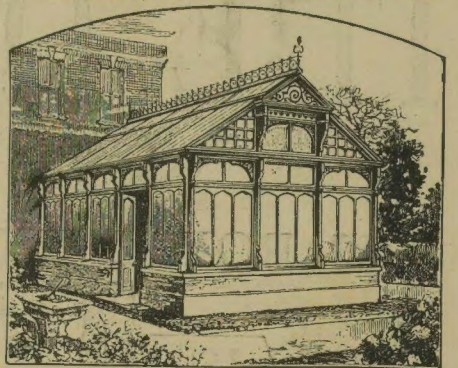
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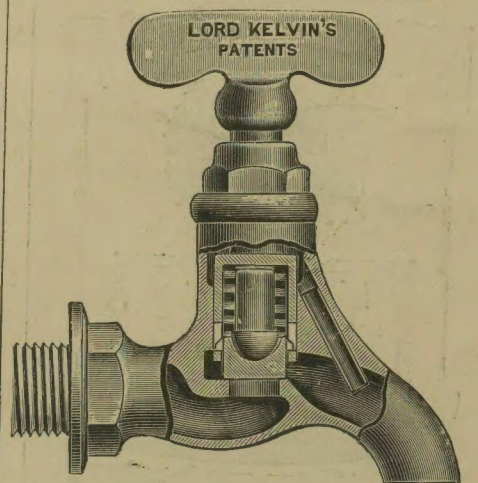


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